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POCKET NOVELS



The Swamp Scout. 187



THE SWAMP SCOUT

THE SWAMP SCOUT.

A ROMANCE OF 1779.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POCKET NOVELS:

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98 WILLIAM STREET.

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A ROMANCE OF THE

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BY W. J. BEADLE
AUTHOR OF THE "SCOUTS OF THE MOUNTAIN"
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THE SWAMP SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE PAIR.

A STRANGE couple had crossed a river and stood together on the other shore—a river which has made for itself a name in story, the Santee. The times were those in which we made ourselves a history, the Revolution. And the most trying times too, in our history—days when the rancor of Whig and Tory against each other was something fearful—when brothers sprung at the throats of brothers, and never ceased the struggle until one or the other dropped dead at the feet of the fratricide.

In such times as these, we introduce our actors. The men who stood by the river-side were types of different classes. One, a quick, keen-eyed, wiry fellow, of small stature, a real "swamp sucker"; the other a huge negro, whose broad face was the very index of good-nature. The white man was armed as most men of his class aspired to be, with the never-failing rifle. His clothing was of rough material, and had been made by the light of a flaring pine-knot, in the lonely night, by some noble daughter of liberty. Standing by the negro, his diminutive figure appeared to grow less, for the black stood full six feet four in his moccasins. He was dressed like the white man, in rough homespun, with a leathern belt about his waist, supporting the trusty knife. A long fowling-piece was thrown across his arm, and a large horn of powder slung over his shoulder. From the cord of the horn hung a large shot-pouch.

They stood there in silence, until the negro stooped to drag the dug-out, in which they had crossed the stream, higher up on the bank, as it might be useful to them another time.

"Which way now, Mass' Carey?" he said, looking at the white man.

"The Swamp Fox told me to look after Gainor, and I'm goin' to find him. That Tory has about run the length of his halter."

"'Twon't do for ye to let Mass' Gainor get ye, now I tell ye *fa'r*," said the negro. "Good Laud! He jerk you up on tree like 'possum. Dat Mass' Gainor *very* bad man."

"He'd better look out for one Sam Carey," said the swamp sucker, a look of sullen hate crossing his dark face. "Thar's a bullet run for him by my hand, and it never touches the barrel till it goes down for him. I hev sworn to kill him, and I'll do it."

"Mass' Gainor done ye some hu'ut some time, eh?" said the negro.

"Thar's a ruined cabin by the river yonder," said the swamp sucker, stretching out his hand to the east, "and nigh it a grave. The timbers of the cabin are black, but that single grave is green. Perhaps yer don't know who lies in that grave. I'm willing yer should know. It's my wife."

"Sick, was she?" said the negro, with a look of commiseration.

"No; she was killed, and Gainor's Tories did it. I'll tell ye how it was. We'd been up the Santee for a few days, with Tarleton after us, and while we were gone, that black-hearted scoundrel Gainor rode into this country. Curse him, body and bones! My wife wasn't well, and among them they killed her. I've got all their names, and Gainor's first of all."

"Gwine to take me wid ye?" asked the negro.

"No, Jake, I don't think it safe. Thar ain't another such a nigger in the Car'linas as ye ar'. That long body of yourn ain't got its ekal. I've got other work for yer. I want ye to go west, to Davy Biglow's farm, and tell them that Davy can't come home just now; not till after we've licked Gainor's Tories. That won't be very long, for Horry and the rest are mad after him."

"'Es, Mass' Carey. What I do after dat?"

"When you have done that, get into the swamp as soon as you can, and meet me at the Cypress Island. You know the place well."

"Course I do. Any t'ing more?"

"No."

"Whar ye gwine to stay to-night?"

"I don't know. Somewhere in the swamp, I reckon. It don't matter much whar a man makes his bed nowadays. He's safest in the Cypress of any place I know. Moccasin-snakes are better neighbors than Tories, any day."

"Dat's so too. I was raised on de sile ob Sout' Car'lina, and I can't see how de debble any man dat breaved de air eb dis land so long, c'u'd go agin' it *now*. But dey do. Dey jess mean enough for dat. I'd like to take 'em by de head and knock 'em togedder till dey jess *squeaked*!"

"Thar's nothin' so mean as a South Car'lina Tory," said Carey. "Mind I tell yer, thar ain't *any thing* so sneakin' that they won't do it. They crawl round the 'arth, and when their time comes they crawl into their graves. The sooner the better."

"Dat's so too," said Jake. "Well, good-by, Mass' Carey. Take car' you'se'f. Don't let Mass' Gainor ketch ye; 'cause if you *do*, he kill you, *sure*."

"I'll never fall into his hands alive," said Carey. "I know his tender mercies. He'd hang me to the first tree. He knows that I am Pete Horry's pet scout, and if he can get me out of the way, it's safer to patrol the swamp, which it ain't now."

"Dat's so; dat's so. Dey 'fraid ob you, ole man. But do you keep you'se'f 'way from him. Take car' you do dat. 'Tain't no use to git into trouble when you can keep out of it jest as well. Golly! Mass' Gainor chase me once. I got into swamp, or I guess I been sent to de islands, sure. Dey sent good many brack man out dere, dey did."

"You are right. See that you keep clear of them, too, or the next thing you know you will be in the hold of a ship on your way to Barbadoes, or the Bermudas. 'Tisn't safe for such a likely nigger as you to be trampin' roun' the country just now."

"Dey'll hev to fight for me if dey git me," said Jake, drawing himself up, proudly. "I'm one ob massa's men now, and I's boun' to fite, *hard*. I's down on dem Tories de wust way. But I guess we'd better go. Some ob dem might come. De country full ob dem now. An' den dar's Tarleton,

an' mad Archy Campbell, an' all de rest ob dem, dey nebber 'top 'till a minnit, roast 'em. Good-by, Mass' Carey. Take car' you'se'f."

The negro moved off from the river, and left Carey standing on the spot where they had landed, leaning on his rifle. This man was one of those strange characters which such a war as the Revolution is sure to bring out. An independent spirit, fearless of danger, acquainted with every turn and path in the Cypress; subtle as a fox, keen-eyed, quick-footed, he was the beau ideal of a scout. Peter Horry, his colonel, valued him highly, and intrusted him with the most difficult and therefore the most dangerous missions, such as the one upon which he was now engaged.

This man Gainor, against whom he was sent, was one of that ferocious family who did such deeds of terror in South Carolina as to make the very name a byword and reproach in the mouths of all good men. Tarleton was *feared*; Gainor was both feared and *detested*. Not a Whig in the whole Santee country but had a knife sharpened for his throat. Not a man of them all would have hesitated an instant to kill him, and would have thought they had done a noble deed. A hundred desolated homes in South Carolina, many bloody graves, were ghastly witnesses against him. There were many who, like the scout Carey, had the murder of some dear friend to avenge. The Tory had been useful to the English in many ways, and they had given him a command, and now sent him out, with the avowed purpose of ridding the Santee country of a perfect scourge, Francis Marion. The active partisan was, at this time, at the zenith of his fame. All men knew him. The English execrated him, even while they respected his sturdy self-reliance, and the bold stand he had taken in the cause of his country. The other party, on the contrary, had nothing but commendation for the bold patriot, who had done so much for the country of their love. They swore by him, and exulted loudly when any of his skillful marches and sudden disappearances baffled the foe. They laughed at the idea that a thick-witted fellow like Gainor should dare to pit himself against Marion. They predicted the Tory's overthrow, and in good time it came.

Carey remained by the river-side in a reverie. There was

no use in his attempting to approach the camp of Gainer, which was pitched in the country between Great and Little Pedee—a country which furnished many recruits to the Tory ranks. The scout was standing in this posture, when a hoof-fall startled him, though he did not even look up at the comer. But he was observing him out of the corner of his eye, and saw that he was a dark-faced, sullen-looking man, dressed in civilian's attire. But there was something in his manner which betokened the skillful and practiced soldier. The scout saw this at a glance.

"Ha, my man," said the rider, "how far is it to Post's Ferry?"

"A matter of twenty miles," said the scout, with a stolid look on his face, which he well knew how to assume.

"Is the road dangerous?"

"That depends on yer party," said the scout. "If yer favor *one* side, ye are all right; if not, look out for yerself."

"Which side do *you* favor, my man?" said the rider.

"No need to tell me which side *ye* favor," muttered Carey. "Yer cursed *airs* of superiority betrays ye." Then, in a louder tone: "Ye are too hard on a man in these troublesome times. I'm a plain fellow, and I don't mind telling you what I think. But it isn't safe to hazard an opinion nowadays on these little matters. Suppose I tell ye what I favor, and ye happen to be on the other side. I'd rather hev ye take the lead."

"I don't mind giving you an idea of my way of thinking," said the new-comer. "I am a King George man, and I'll tell you why, if you like."

"Do; I'd like to hear."

"I thought you would. I'm a King George man because I've been bred to believe in keeping my allegiance to my lawful king. I was taught that when a boy, and I have never been able to break the habit. What have the colonists to complain of, after all? A *tax*. What of that? We pay taxes in England."

"We're plain fellows about here," said the scout, "and we say what we think. I've talked with the boys in this section, and they all sing the same song. It isn't the *tax* that they complain of; they are willin' ter pay something to support

the government. But they look at the *principle* of the thing. And it stands to reason that if we give King George the right to put his hand into our pockets and take out a penny, he has as much right to take out a guinea. The fact is, we are always ready to *give*, but we ain't quite so ready to hev anybody *take* things from us. That's the way we think round here."

"Then you are a Whig?"

"I didn't say so. I'm a sort of neutral, I reckon. I ain't made up my mind. I'd like right well to know which was gwine ter whip in this tussle."

"Nonsense. That is easy enough to be seen. King George has no organized force against him. Gates is beaten, his force scattered to the four winds, and no hope left. How can you, then, think it at all doubtful which way the scale will turn?"

"I hearn some of the boys talking about that, too. They said that Saratoga Gates had got blazes at Rugely Mills, and what's more, they said that the Game Cock had given Tarleton a right smart lickin' at *Blackstocks*."

"Nonsense, I say. Tarleton is more than a match for Sumter."

"Mebbe he *is*. I don't pretend to know, *myself*. All I can say about it is that one of the boys came straight from Blackstocks, and he said he saw Tarleton on the run before he came away; and they do say he lost nigh on to three hundred men."

"Maledictions! You scoundrel, do you know what you are saying?"

"I don't believe *ye* do, Mr. Man. I'm a plain man, as I said before, and I won't stand much more such talk as *that*. I'm tellin' ye plain truth, as far I know."

"I beg your pardon, my good fellow, for being so hot. But the idea of Barnister Tarleton being beaten by Sumter's ragamuffins is simply ridiculous."

"I don't pretend to know for certain," said Carey, in the same indolent tone which he had used through the entire conversation. "I tell what I hear from others. I don't mix in with this fighting overmuch. I don't think it pays just now. I can't see but what the colonists do pretty well. Thar's Marion, now; what do you say about Marion?"

"Do you know where he is?" demanded the royalist, eagerly.

"Who?"

"Marion."

"How should I know? The devil couldn't track him, when he chooses to hide. Thar never was such a feller. You can't say *he* don't trouble you."

"That is true. He troubles us a great deal. If I could find a man who would guide a force of royalists against him, the man should earn a hundred guineas."

"Eh?"

"A hundred guineas."

"Ye don't say? That's a mighty deal of money. Ye say if ye find a man who can guide ye to the place where he is, ye are ready with a hundred goold pieces?"

"I do."

"Ye don't care whar it is, so that you can come at him, somehow?"

"Not a whit."

"Ye stick to yer offer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm *sorry*, but I don't know any thing about him now."

"Dolt! Be careful how you trifle with me. You are dealing with one who would not hesitate to string you up to a cypress bough, and leave you swinging there for the crows to feed on," said the royalist.

"I'm not fooling," said Carey. "I said I was sorry I didn't know whar he was. *Yesterday* I did. He was in the Cypress, not five miles from this, but he went away last night."

"You are sure of that?"

"One of the boys said so."

"You seem to depend very much upon 'the boys' for your information. How does that happen?"

"Naturally enough. I'm a home body. I don't go about much, and all I knows I gets from them that does. And the boys are all over the country nowadays."

"Do you know me?"

"No," said Carey.

"Did you ever hear of Major Gainor?"

The scout turned his head away as he answered, "Yes." A world of fierce passion was tugging at his heart. He had never seen the man before, and here he was at last, within reach of his arm. But he dared not strike. His orders from Marion were paramount to any private feelings.

"I am Major Gainor," said the royalist. "I am out after the Swamp Fox, and am ready to pay any man well who will aid me in ferreting him out."

"I don't think ye can find him," said the scout. "He knows the swamp too well."

"The men of my command are born swamp suckers, and know it as well as he. They will find him out, somehow. What do you say to making one of us?"

The partisan looked at him in a searching manner from under his heavy brows, before he replied. When he did so, he spoke like one who had no very deep designs, but was simply a plain unlettered man desirous of keeping as much out of quarrels as he could.

"I ain't turned my mind to sojerin', major; that's the plain truth of it. I've been bred here on the edge of the Cypress, and I never thought much about it. I like to live by myself, and I don't care to fight."

"But these are days when a man must be for or against his king. Why should you, a young—"

"Not young, major," interrupted the partisan.

"Young enough. In your very prime," the major persisted. "What I think is this: you could be of great service to your lawful king, and don't look to me like a man who ought to idle away his time. I suppose you are a sure shot with a rifle?"

"Tol'able, major; jest tol'able. No more."

"We want such men as you, all we can get. Say you will join us," persisted Gainor.

"This being so sharp after new recruits don't look much as if you thought the work done, major."

"Tush, man," said Gainor, "I never said it was done. We need men to *finish* it, that is all. You would like to be in at the death, I know."

"Yes, major, I would. But the end seems to me so fur off. The Whigs get licked in the big fight, to be sure; but

they are awful at this bush-fightin'. I've hearn tell that a convoy don't dare to show its nose out of Charleston or Dorchester, or any of them big places, unless Mad Archie Campbell or Tarleton are somewheres on hand with their dragoons. And if the feller from Blackstocks told the truth, Tarleton won't be able to take the field for many a day."

"Pshaw! Don't repeat that fable again. The idea that Tarleton could be beaten by a set of low-lived swamp suckers, like those of Sumter's command!"

"Perhaps you know all about Sumter's men, and perhaps you *don't*," said Carey, dogmatically. "Any way, I've got my opinion, and I'll back it any time."

"What is your opinion?"

"That swamp suckers, as you call them, are the right kind of men *for* the swamp. Ef they ain't, what was you braggin' about a little while ago, when you said your fellers knew the swamp by heart?"

"I don't undervalue the men," said Gainor, who was bent on conciliating. "Of course, as you say, they ought to understand bush-fighting. But, if I know any thing about Blackstocks, it's in a good, open country."

"So 'tis," said Carey. "You are right there. But Sumter has got some of the best dragoons in the kentry, ef I do say it. They have the darnedest lot of men you ever see'd, and as full of impudence as Satan. They *do* say that they ain't afraid even of Tarleton. Thar's Singleton, and two or three more, and they've had their trainin' in the same place your officers got yours; and Sumter is hard to beat."

"Never mind that now. Will you join my command?"

"I don't like to promise *sure*, major. I'll tell you what I will do, though. If ye like to give me a pass to come into yer camp, I'll go home and see the old woman, and if she thinks I'd better, I'll have a shy at that hundred guineas, anyhow."

"Do you mean that you can find Marion?"

"I didn't promise to, did I? But ef I *do*, I'll keep my word. I know the swamp as well as any man."

"I'll give you the pass," said Gainor. "I would not do it for any other man, but I like your looks, and you shall have it. But mind you come to-night."

"I'll come. I promise *that* much. I'll be in yer camp this very night."

"That's right. I like to see a man like you take the right course. It speaks well for your loyalty."

"So it does, major. Wal, then ye ken give me the pass."

The major took out pen and ink, which he carried in his saddlebag, and wrote a pass, using the pommel of his saddle as a tablet. When it was finished, he passed it over to the partisan.

"I can't read," said he. "What does it say?"

"It is an order to the sentinels and sergeants of the guard to pass you. Be sure to come."

"I'll do it," said Carey. "I always keep a promise."

"I am glad to hear it. Is the river fordable here?"

"Yes. Keep the head of your beast up the stream and face that willow on the other bank."

The Tory plunged into the river, and Carey, with an amused smile on his face, watched him from the bank.

CHAPTER II.

THE TORY CAMP.

No man in that section, at the date of this story, was more hated than Major Gainor by the Whigs. Indeed, he was in bad odor even with the English, for his atrocities shocked even them. The more chivalrous among the British officers were united in sending him to Coventry as a bloodthirsty and cruel man. The very name of Whig was hateful to him, and he considered nothing too bad for them. Woe to the unfortunate whom chance had thrown in his way, who claimed allegiance to the colonies! The halter and swinging bough were the least he had to expect. Carey, while talking with him, had to exercise all his self control to keep his hands from the villain's throat. But he knew that the safety of the enterprise which Marion had intrusted to him required him to hold his hand. He saw the Tory cross the river in safety,

and stand upon the other shore. Twice he raised his rifle, and as often lowered it, with a hesitating finger lingering on the trigger. He was sure of his aim. He knew that at this distance the doom of the wretch was sealed, but policy withheld him from taking vengeance then. A grim smile curled his thin lips as he thought that a day would come when they could meet and settle the account which Gainor had run up with the Whigs of that section. "Go your ways," he muttered. "For this time you are safe. But a day will come when there will be nothing to restrain me, and then—"

He did not finish the sentence, and throwing his rifle over his arm, he turned away from the river, and suffered the Tory to pursue his course. He rode at a quick pace for more than an hour, and then came in sight of his camp. It was well chosen, and here his men were scattered in groups, discussing the latest news, and talking over the probable events of the present campaign. Most of them were South Carolina Tories—the worst of their breed. Many were ununiformed, as they had come in from the surrounding country; for their leader's design was more to gain men than to defeat Marion, though that was in his programme. The Tory settlers along the river had gathered at his rallying-cry. They knew the signal, and loved the scent of blood. The plain homespun blouses of the men were crossed by the brass-mounted belts which the English service provided. No man among the lawless Tories of the Edisto had greater influence than Gainor, as this quickly-gathered force testified. All ages and conditions came in singly and in groups at his call. Some, richly dressed, were of that class of wealthy proprietors who sided with the oppressor. Others were mere boys, upon whose chins the down of early manhood just began to grow, but whose young faces had that hardened look which close connection with the worst phases of a cruel war is apt to give. Many were rough, dark-browed, bewhiskered men, from the swamp regions of the Pedee, who delighted in the bloody deeds to which it was the pleasure of Gainor to incite them, and who would not willingly have followed any other leader. There were others still of a polished exterior, whose sympathies were with the royal cause, to be sure, but whose chief reason for joining the expedition was their

desire to enjoy the excitement of a chase after the Swamp Fox.

Gainor's band were scattered about as they had come in, some of the men playing cards, some cleaning guns and swords, and others indolently kicking their heels for the want of better employment. A buzz of welcome greeted the advent of their chief, who rode into camp, bowing to his friends on the right and left. A little negro darted up to take Lia horse, and was repaid for his officious zeal by a smart rap on the head.

"See to that horse, you black rascal," said the Tory. "Rub him down well. If I find a spot on his hide, you may look out for a good many more on yours."

"'Es, massa," said the boy, "me berry car'ful."

"Ah, Blakeley, glad to see you. Have you just come in?"

"Yes, major," said the person addressed, a handsome young man in a showy uniform. "I've just come from the upper country."

"Any news?"

"Yes; I don't like to tell it, though."

"Out with it."

"You know Tarleton was out after Sumter? You saw him leave Dorchester. Sumter was away as a matter of course. But, he turned on the colonel at Blackstocks, and, as sure as my name is Egbert Blakeley, he whipped him."

"Ridiculous!"

"Undoubtedly; but it is true, for all that. He whipped him thoroughly. Tarleton fairly turned tail and ran, leaving three or four hundred of his men killed and wounded."

"I heard that story before, but did not credit it. How many men had Sumter?"

"If you take the story of *our* men, about ten thousand," said Blakeley.

"Nonsense. What is *your* estimate?"

"I don't believe he had a man more than Tarleton. It was a fair, stand-up fight, and the Whigs were the better men. I can't make any thing more or less out of the matter to save my life. The deuce! It is no good to undervalue these partisans. They are in their own country, and are as full of game as so many fighting cocks. If they have whipped

Bannister Tarleton, and I think they *have*, give them the credit of it; that's what I say."

"Have you any more news?"

"Yes. Weymiss is taken."

"Eh?"

"Taken with his whole party the day before the fight with Sumter. I think Singleton did it. Anyhow, it was one of Sumter's bands."

"Have you told this to the men?"

"They know it fast enough. Ill news is never slow in traveling. The Whigs are having their turn. I knew they would."

"You speak as if you rather enjoyed it."

"Of course not. But one can't help admiring pluck, you know, and it is as good as a play to see how the knaves stand out after losing all the great battles."

"It pleases you, I see. Are you turning Whig?"

"Major Gainor!" said the young loyalist, laying his hand upon his sword, "I am not accustomed to such language."

"I beg your pardon," said Gainor, who, like all traitors, was far from being a brave man. "I am terribly annoyed by this news."

"I must ask you not to allow your anger to betray you into the indiscretion of insulting *me*, sir. If you know any thing of the Blakeley blood, you are aware they are not the sort of people to bear any thing of that kind tamely."

"I meant nothing of the kind, my dear captain," said Gainor, in haste to apologize. "Nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"I am pleased to hear you say so," said Blakeley, by no means mollified. "But I must ask you to be more guarded in your expressions."

"You are too hot, my dear boy," said the other. "Don't take any little thing I may say so much to heart, I beg of you."

"I have but one answer to an insult," said Blakeley. "Remember *that*."

"And now once more," said Gainor, passing over the objectionable subject with undignified haste, "where did you get this news of Tarleton's repulse?"

"Defeat," said Blakeley, who was in a mood to cavil at terms.

"Defeat be it, then, if you will have it so. How did you hear of it?"

"From a messenger who killed two horses in carrying the news to Rawdon. Oh, there is no doubt upon the point. Our gallant colonel is most beautifully whipped. I told him, as I have told you, that it would not do to undervalue Sumter. But he has got his lesson, and will profit by it. It remains for you to get yours."

"There is no danger here. Marion is the only man in this region, and we are too many for him."

"Are you sure of that?"

"You don't suppose he would have the impudence to attack *us*?"

"Impudence! He has the impudence of a bat. I tell you, no man is safe who penetrates his peculiar domain, unless he is constantly on the alert. Look at your men now. They are playing cards or throwing dice, or are asleep. Suppose Marion or Sumter were to attack us *now*? What chance would we have?"

"You have too much faith in their prowess. I tell you, Marion will not fight. It is not his forte. He is more of a strategist. He lies in the swamp, cuts off convoys, and flits at the approach of an organized force."

"Very well. If you feel secure I have nothing to say. But, as far as *my* command is concerned, I mean to take some means to insure their safety."

"Very proper on your part, captain. Have you gained many recruits?"

"Twelve men and twenty-seven horses."

"Good. You have done well."

"Oh, they know me," said Blakeley, proudly. "I have not been in this section so long for nothing. They know I will keep them stirring."

"Rumor says that Captain Egbert Blakeley has a *fair* reason for staying in this section."

"How so, sir?"

"Don't get angry at me for such a trifle, my boy. The officers at Dorchester say that the black eyes of Maud Eston have had something to do with it."

"Be so good as to remember one thing, Major Gainor. The name of that young lady shall not be bandied from mouth to mouth by every one who chooses to speak of her."

"You are the most hotheaded youngster I ever saw," said Gainor. "If you try to prevent all Miss Maud's admirers from speaking her name, you will close many mouths. But, you have as good as admitted my point, and I know to what I am indebted for so able an ally as Captain Blakeley."

"Ascribe it to what you will," said Blakeley, "so that you do not bandy her name about."

"By the way, though," said Gainor, who had found the weak spot in the young man's armor, "now I think of it, that family is of Whig proclivities. I have often said to the General that the women of the Carolinas did us more harm than the men, and deserved punishment as much."

"A brave nation does not make war on women," replied Egbert.

"That is nothing to the point. This family is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. I know it."

"In what way?"

"Not more than a week ago, Major James Conrad was seen at that house, and spent a day there."

"Who?"

"Major Conrad. Do you know him?"

All the bad lines in the face of the young man came out at the mention of the name, in a sort of bas-relief.

"I know him so well that, if we meet on any spot of ground, he or I must die."

"You hate him, then?"

"Hate? It is a tame word to express my feelings on the point. Why do you bring it up now? You know, none so well as you, that I have said that one day I would be the death of James Conrad."

"And yet, you are cousins," said Gainor.

"True. But these are times when the ties of blood are forgotten. He is a toad-spotted traitor, and he stands in my way. For this reason, if none other, he is my enemy to the death."

"You can not hate Major Conrad more than I do," said

Gainor, grinding his teeth hard together. "I have a reason which you have not for wishing him any ill which may fall upon a man, and may God do so to me, and more also, if I do not see that evil fall on him before I die."

"What has he done to you?"

"The greatest injury which one man can do another. He has doubted my honor."

The young man broke into a sarcastic laugh.

"Well, major, a great many persons do *that*. And have you not laid yourself open to the imputation?"

"It seems that you now take your turn at insulting words," said the major, turning very pale, for he was a coward. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nothing," said Egbert, in an indolent tone. "I merely asked the question. But don't let us have words about it. For my part, I must leave you. I wish to see after the safety and comfort of my men."

The young man strode away, leaving his superior gnawing his thin lip, but not daring to give expression to his rage, for he knew that the hot-blooded young man would have liked nothing better than a quarrel with him, in his present state of mind. He relieved his feelings by cuffing the little negro, who had come to him for orders, and who received the punishment with the patience of his race. He was used to thrashings without reason, and asked no questions.

"Have you seen to my horse?" growled Gainor.

"'Es, massa," said the boy, drawing his sleeve over his eyes. "I have *dat*, and he looking bootiful, so he be. What I do now?"

"Clear out!" said Gainor.

The boy needed no second bidding, but disappeared instantly.

The Tories now had set about preparing supper, and fires were lit in various places about the slope on which the camp was pitched. There was rough fare, but better than the Whigs dreamed of. They had "sequestered" some stray cattle in their march, and joints of meat were broiling over the fires, suspended upon poles laid upon crotched sticks, while the men looked on and turned them as they needed that attention. Besides the meat, they had a plentiful supply of sweet potatoes,

which they had taken from the plantations passed on the way, and last, but not least, in their estimation, a supply of Jamaica rum, a beverage very much in vogue at that day among the poorer classes. Painful marches through deep swamps, and over sandy tracts, make a drink of this frightful beverage taste like nectar. So, at least, thought the swamp suckers of Gainor. And when they lay down to rest at night, there were few of them, not even the sentries, who had not got a drop more than was good for them.

At last they slept, and silence fell upon the camp.

CHAPTER III.

CAREY'S VISIT.

THE active partisan waited for night, ere he made his appearance at the camp. It is not to be supposed that he was fool enough to walk into it in daylight, although he had a pass. He knew as well as any other man that his services were known to the Tories, and that it was hardly probable that there was not some one in the Tory camp acquainted with his person; for he had been bred in that region, and before the war, had joined them in hunting-expeditions through the swamp fastnesses.

Lying in the swamp until the proper time arrived, he then rose and walked boldly toward the camp. The sergeant of the guard was a character. He had been, in early life, a sort of itinerant preacher, much liked by the poor whites, and known to Carey by reputation. This man claimed to have a mission to evangelize the Carolinas. A rough, unlettered person, he had picked up a species of rant from various opposing sects, and had gained from his comrades the sobriquet of Preacher. He happened to be roaming vaguely from one post to another at the time the partisan appeared and was challenged by the guard.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, I reckon," said Carey.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," was the stern order of the guard.

"I calculate I can't do that, friend," said Carey. "But I can do what's better; I can give you a pass."

"From whom?"

"Gainor."

"Pass the word for the corporal of the guard," said the sentry to the next post.

The man complied, calling aloud for "Preacher." The next post took up the cry, and "Preacher!" echoed down the line, and reached the ears of the corporal, who started at once for post number eight, the sentry who had halted Carey.

"What have we here?" said the corporal, who always used good language. "Speak, man."

"I reckon I ken do that," said Carey. "I want to come into camp. I've got a pass."

"Come with me," said Preacher. "Peradventure, we shall find that you do not smite with the sword of the Lord and Gideon. And doth not the Good Book say that whoso offendeth against his little ones, the same shall suffer damnation?"

Carey looked closely at the man. He was a stout-built, muscular fellow, with a massive head, square jaws, and a determined eye. Not the sort of person one would like to meet in a charge, by any means. Carey saw at a glance that, under the garb of cant, which he chose to assume, there was a deep vein of cunning, and that he would find it hard to deceive him. The picket-guard had built fires, a thing which would not be allowed in our day, and were lying about them in various attitudes. They looked up as the corporal came into the circle, and gazed curiously at his companion.

"Let me look upon this pass of which you speak," said Preacher. "Peradventure, it may be as thou sayest."

Carey took off his hat, and from the lining produced a piece of paper, the same which Gainor had given him, and handed it to the corporal. He took it to the fire, and looked closely at the signature.

"Of a truth this is the handwriting of the man of war, Gainor," said he. "We may not gainsay it. What wouldst thou have?"

"I don't mind tellin' ye," said Carey. "I hain't fought on any side through the war. But this mornin' I met Gainor, and he told me he was going after the Swamp Fox, and I thought perhaps I'd take a hand in. Anyway, I had the pass, and I guessed I'd come and see the boys, and find out whether they had a good time, and if they do, mebbe I'll take a hand in. Don't you see?"

"Thou speakest well," said the corporal. "But I bethink me that it is passing strange that a young man could keep away so long from the sound of the battle. The nature of man is bloody. Of a truth, he loves the neighing of the steed and the sound of the drum. Peradventure, thy heart is weak."

"No," said the partisan; "I don't know that I am any more of a coward than another man. But I thought I wouldn't take a hand in. I don't know why, unless I didn't know which way the thing was going."

"It seemeth to me thou art dull, friend. How should rebellion flourish in the face of the king? Truly, the rebels seek the dens and caves of the earth, and the deep places in the swamp, that they may hide from our view. But, we will search them out wherever they may go."

"Now I'm a plain man and open to conviction," said Carey. "I want to get at the right of this thing, and if you can show me that the colonies *ain't* got a chance, why then I guess I'll take a ride after old Marion. I'd like that."

"Let me show thee," said Preacher, who delighted in argument. "I can make it as plain to thy perceptions as the sun at noonday, and then wilt thou delight to take the sword in hand and go up to the help of the Lord against those who raise the hand against the anointed. Dost thou read the Good Book?"

Carey was rather taken aback.

"If the truth must be told," said he, "I aint turned my mind to it a great deal. I ain't had much *time*."

"It would seem that much of thy time hath run to waste, young sir. Let me be thy instructor. It is in the Good Book that we must be subservient to the powers that be. It saith, too, 'Fear God and honor the king.' How can we honor him when we fight against him?"

"There is much reason in what ye say," said Carey. "But I've hearn these Whigs talk, too. *They* say that they hain't got any call to obey a man that don't look after their comfort, and lays grievous burdens on them. Now, they say they don't care so much for the *money*, but it's the principle of the thing, paying money when there is no law for it."

"They are the children of the devil," said Preacher, hotly. "It seemeth to me thou hast already heard too much of their pernicious teachings."

"Like enough," said Carey, drily. "One can't always tell when he has got enough of a thing, ye know." Well, go on. You've showed me that it's in the Good Book that we should obey the king. We don't think so much of *that*. But who is getting the best of the *fighting*?"

"We are."

"I've hearn so. But the most impudent thing on the 'arth is a Whig. Now, they'd tell you that their chances never looked better than they do to-day."

"Hath not Lord Rawdon beaten the arch-rebel, Greene, in battle?"

"They own up to that. But, the other day, I heard that Rawdon didn't feel quite sure *he'd* licked Greene, and thought seriously of running away. If he does, mind you, he'll light his way to Charleston with the houses of Camden."

"So let it be. Thou hast the stories of these rebels by heart. What else?"

"They say that the north is about clear of our troops, anyhow, and that the Congress in Philadelphia is going to send more troops down here and drive Cornwallis out. Of course I don't believe *all* this, but some of it must be true. Then Sumter has licked Tarleton right out of his boots, I *know*. And Tom Taylor has it his own way about Granby, and Washington and Lee are out with their horse about Waxhaw, and as for the Swamp Fox—Lord, he is everywhere! Where not?"

"Truly, you are a strange convert. I never heard a good loyalist talk as you do. Be careful of thy tongue."

Carey saw that the fellow began to suspect him, and changed his tone somewhat.

"I don't want to have you think I ain't true. Gainer

knows me, or he wouldn't give me a pass to come here. Ye know that."

"We want men who believe in the power of the king to conquer his enemies."

"That ain't reasonable," said he. "Didn't you say that the British had the best of it? I'm inclined to think so, myself, but it's jest as well to look at both sides of the thing."

"Thou speakest well. Believe me, before many days these swamp robbers and hard riders of Sumter and Taylor, Lee and Washington, will be gone forever."

"I don't know but what you are right. It does stand to reason that they can't hold out long against such good soldiers as the British. To be sure Tarleton did git licked at Blackstocks, but, that was luck, maybe. You can't tell any thing about it. But, the major said that he would give a hundred guineas to any one that would show him where the Swamp Fox was. I think I can do it."

The eyes of the corporal lighted up in a moment. He was hot for the destruction of Marion. Like all royalists, he hated the very name of rebel, and would have stopped at no means to rid the earth of such a scourge as the Swamp Fox. In an instant he became what he really was—a keen, unscrupulous soldier.

"Do you mean to say that you know where to find him?"

"No," said the partisan; "I don't say that. But, I know the swamp as well as any man, and I think I know the places where he'd be likely to hide."

"Then you will show us the place?"

"If I make up my mind to jine you, of course I will. That's what I said. I ken find the islands."

This was true. There were very few, if any, in the country who knew more of the swamps than Carey.

"Then thou canst not tell any thing of a surety," said Preacher, relapsing into his pious jargon.

"No."

"Do you promise to join us?"

"I'd like to find out first whether the boys take to the service. I don't like to be with a lot of men that ain't well

used. I'm too darned tender-hearted. I'd run away the first thing I did. You may be sure of that."

"Are you a good shot?"

"Putty good—putty good. Nothin' to brag of, ye know."

At this moment another man came up and took his place at the fire. The moment Carey saw him, he became uneasy, and instinctively felt in his bosom for the pistols which were hidden there. He had good reason to fear the new-comer. Of all men in that section there was not a man who knew him better! He did not notice Carey at first, and the partisan did not take any pains to make himself conspicuous. The man was a noted scout, attached to Gainor's Tories, and the two had dogged one another often in the swamps below the great Pedee, neither finding it possible to outwit the other.

"Is that you, Jack Adams?" said one of the men. "Glad to see you. Can you give me a pipe of tobacco?"

Adams passed his tobacco-pouch over to the speaker, who filled his pipe and began to smoke.

"Where hast thou been, friend John?" asked the corporal.

"Ah-ha! Are *you* there, old true-oak?" said the scout. "Well, if you must know, I'm just from Camden."

"Any news?"

"Heaps of news. The rebels are on the alert. I don't reckon that you will be able to make a good fight of Marion is half as strong as they say he is. And now, while we are talkin', I want ye to look out for one man of his, a fellow by the name of Carey. Ef ye don't look mighty sharp, ten to one he beats ye."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He looks like a sandlapper, a little, weazen, dried-up chap, that don't look as if he was worth a cent. But he *is*. I'll give a man all the credit he deserves, and I say he is too many for *me*."

"Oh, *no*, Jack."

"Yes, he *is*. Ef he *ain't*, wouldn't I have had him long ago? It stands to reason. Thar ain't another scout I'm afraid of in the whole section, unless it's Sumter's pets, the Indian and white man that run in couple, and this chap. Oh,

he's a *farer*, I tell you. Hain't seen or heard nothin' of him recently, have you?"

"Not a sign. We have a new recruit here. I reckon as how he mought tell us something, if he would, about the rogues."

"Where is he?"

"Here," said the corporal, indicating the partisan. At these words the scout leaped to his feet, for he knew that nothing could hide his identity from the man before him.

"That's the very man!" yelled Jack Adams.

The words had hardly passed his lips when the form of the South Carolinian rose into the air, and he planted both feet on the chest of the Tory, who dropped as if struck by a cannon ball, and lay without sense or motion. At the same moment Carey, with wonderful skill, threw a somersault over the heads of the men nearest at hand, and was gone.

A frightful tumult arose on every hand, and the picket-guard started in pursuit. They found the outside guard lying dead upon the sod, with a bullet in his brain. Jack Adams soon staggered to his feet, but slowly recovered from the effects of the terrible blow he had received.

"Who was he?" demanded Gainor, rushing forward.

"Did you give a fellow a pass this morning to come into camp?" asked Adams.

"Yes."

"A small chap, with a thin face, and restless, black eyes?"

"Yes."

"That was Sam Carey, Pete Horry's best scout."

The Tory leader was speechless with surprise and rage, and his tongue was only loosened when the body of the dead picket-guard was brought in. Then he gave way to the torrent of his passion.

"The mischief is done and he has flitted, leaving me a token of his regard in the shape of a dead friend," said Adams, bending over the dead body. "I'm jubeous no good will come to us from this. I thought a great deal of Barney."

"He was a good soldier and died at his post," said Captain Egbert. "I am sorry you have lost your comrade, Jack."

"He won't be a great while unavenged, captain," said the scout; "ye may bet on that. But, what do ye say?—shall

I take three or four of the men and follow this imp? I think I can run him down."

"Have it your own way, Jack."

A quarter of an hour after, five men left the camp, following the trail of the flying scout.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHASE.

SAM CAREY knew that he had no time to loiter, especially if Jack Adams was still alive, though he chuckled over the thought that he had given him a pain in his stomach. Hurrying forward, he finally reached the place where he had appointed the meeting with his negro friend. The night was dark, and he stumbled on through the bushes and over miry places, and reached a spot where the logs and brush were piled in confusion on every side. As he was stealing along in a cautious way, he was suddenly seized by a pair of stalwart arms and thrown to the ground.

"Who is it?" he cried.

"Dat you, eh, Mass' Carey?" said the voice of the negro, Jake. "Gosh, I t'ought I might as well make it safe. I did, too."

He released his friend, and they sat down on a log in the bushes.

"Whar ye been?" asked Jake.

"I've been into Gainor's camp, blast him. I didn't stay long. Ye see I met that Jack Adams, and he knew me in a minnit. I gave him the weight of both feet in the chist, and he keeled over, and I run for it."

"Dey after ye?"

"I reckon so. Jack is hot to take me, but I guess we will beat him somehow. He's a good scout, though. Thar's no mistake about *that*. Thar ain't a better man at his trade in the Car'linas. Did ye go to Davy's house?"

"'Es, Mass' Carey. Dar wa'n't nobody home 'cept missec,

an' I tol' her. She jest looked kinder sad-like, and said as how dey all wanted to see Davy right bad, but ef he was goin' to fight Gainer, she wouldn't say nuffin agin' it. Den I cum away."

"All right. He wanted them to know. But we needn't stay here. Jack Adams will be on our backs if we do. Hark to that! They've got dogs on the track! I didn't think of that. Let's be off."

Even as he spoke, the prolonged bay of two hounds was heard, and they knew that they were on a hot scent.

"Off with you," cried the scout. "Keep with me, if you can, but if we sep'rate, ye meet me at the island in the Cypress, by the three trees."

They hurried away together through the dark swamp, hearing each moment the bay of the dogs, and knowing that they were coming nearer. Over tussocks on which the moccasins were lying, by stagnant pools, under low-hanging boughs, at last they reached a bayou, whose dark waters, with almost imperceptible current, flowed through the swamp. The bayou was not deep, and they plunged into the water and waded down-stream, holding their guns high above their heads and keeping their powder dry by hanging their pouches about their necks. They had not waded a hundred yards when the dogs reached the bank, and set up the cry which announced that they had lost the trail.

"Close to us, ye see," said Carey. "It was touch and go. I don't think Adams will be far behind. Let's wait a little while. I tell ye, if he comes with only one other man, there is goin' to be a fight."

They sat down on the bank and waited, while the hounds tried back and forth in the vain endeavor to find the lost trail. Ten minutes passed; then they heard the harsh voice of Adams encouraging the hounds to new exertions. Other voices were heard, and the fugitives made out that no less than five men were opposed to them. Though brave as need be, the two had no desire to fight against such odds, if they could help it. At a touch from Carey, the negro rose and they moved cautiously away.

"They have taken to the water. We must get the dogs to the other side," said Adams.

"One of us will be enough to puzzle these men, Jake," said Carey. "Now I'll tell ye what to do. Run down the bank of the stream for half a mile to the nob, and thar you will find a dugout hid behind the old cypress. Ye can soon leave them with that. I'm going to stay behind. I've got business up to Eston's plantation for Major Conrad, and I ain't goin' to be driven out of my course for anybody."

"How's ye gwine to break the trail, massa?" asked the black."

"Here, stand close to this tree. Don't touch the body. Now let me get on your shoulders."

The negro bowed his broad shoulders and the active partisan sprung upon them and was easily raised from the ground. In a moment he stood erect, without touching the tree, and stooping slightly, he sprung into the air, and grasping the lowest branch, was soon safely hidden in the foliage.

"All right! Away with you, old boy. Tell the major I'll be in, some time to-morrow."

The negro darted away at full speed, for the hounds had found the trail again on that side, and had opened in full cry. Immediately after, they swept by the tree on which the scout was perched, and he heard their voices die away in the distance. Soon after, the pursuing party, with newly-lighted torches, darted by. Carey chuckled as he thought that long before they could overtake the negro, the brave black would take to the water and cross to the opposite side, and continue his course down the other bank.

As the noises died away in the distance, the partisan descended the tree and crossed the stream after wading a short distance up it, and started in a new direction by a path well known to him, and which brought him out on the bank of the river about three miles from the place where Gainor was encamped.

At that point was a plantation, which had been the residence of a man named Eston, who had died some years before, leaving his widow to take charge of a large property, and a daughter, also, at the time of this story the belle of that district. Maud Eston's name was often toasted by the officers of the British garrison near at hand, with whom she was popular, though apt to express her feelings warmly on the

subject of her country's wrongs. Rawdon and Cornwallis knew her well, and had dined at the house several times, mildly reprobating her rebel proclivities, which she was at no pains to conceal.

A woman, and that woman young and beautiful, can say and do things, even in times of rebellion, which others dare not, and Maud was well known for plain speaking on these points.

The morning had somewhat advanced when the scout emerged from the swamp. But, early as it was, Maud had visitors—no other than the redoubtable Major Gainor and Captain Egbert Blakeley, who had ridden up from camp without escort. Carey caught a glimpse of a red coat on the veranda. Hurrying back into the woods, he disappeared from view, just as Maud, besieged by the attentions of the two royalists, came round the corner of the house and took a seat on one of the veranda chairs.

"Do you know that Rawdon has a great respect for such as you as combatants, and is revolving seriously the chances whether or no he ought not to treat you as such? You certainly furnish aid and comfort to the enemy," said Gainor.

"Lord Rawdon is a gentleman, and will never punish females for their political belief. Unfortunately, there is no male heir to the Eston estates."

"How do you say—unfortunately?"

"Even so. If there was a *man* of our blood he would be in the field."

"Let me hope so; and striking in the right cause."

"Perhaps we should differ as to which *is* the right cause."

"It is the cause of the king," ejaculated both men.

"It is the cause of the colonies," answered the belle.

"Report says that Miss Maud Eston has personal reasons for espousing the cause of the rebels."

"Report seldom speaks the truth; but in this case there is no doubt on the subject. I *have* the best of reasons for loving the cause of the colonies. I love it because it is the cause of justice and right. I love it because it is the cause of my dear friends, and I hope the time will come when that cause will triumph over all its enemies."

"Treason! treason!" cried Egbert Blakeley, laughing.

"So cried the loyalists in the Virginia parliament, and Patrick Henry answered them as I do you."

"How?"

"If *that* be *treason*, make the most of it!"

"But, seriously, Maud," said Egbert, drawing nearer, "are you not a little too hot in your professions of sympathy for the cause of the ragged rascals who infest the swamps of the Carolinas, and rob all who are not strong enough to stand against them, and run from those who have arms in their hands?"

"Sir!"

"Why do you exclaim in that manner?"

"If Captain Blakeley will think a moment, he will remember that the gentlemen he designates as 'ragged rascals' are my friends, far dearer to me than any royalists ever can be."

"I cry you mercy," said Egbert. "I did not think of that."

"And when you speak of them with disrespect, you force me to retaliate. They *may* be rascals and cowards, as you say; but it seems to me that the pet of the British cavalry, Colonel Tarleton, has had hard usage at their hands. Does it not seem so to you?"

"How did you hear of that?" said Gainer, considerably astonished. "I thought the news was confined to my camp."

"I heard of it in a sure way, Major Gainer. I do not consider myself at liberty to state how."

"I should be glad if you would do so, however," said Gainer.

"It is impossible, major. Such news can not be kept. Do not let it astonish you that such things come out. I had it from one of General Sumter's 'ragged rascals,' who was carrying the news to a certain point."

"You show no mercy. Captain, if you will take my advice, you will not talk politics with Miss Maud. She is one of those privileged persons who carry a two-edged sword."

"I speak for her good. The authorities are justly incensed just now, and such opinions as hers are injurious. Miss Maud knows that the excesses of the rough soldiery of Marion and Sumter have been a source of great annoyance to our

Generals, who have not been accustomed to this irregular and uncivilized style of fighting."

"It is unfair," said Maud, derisively. "The stupid fellows actually have made out to get a supply of swords—I believe they took them from some wagons which Balfour was sending to Dorchester—and they are impudent enough to think that they know how to use them. How ridiculous!"

"Maud, this is too much," said Egbert, chafing under her sarcasm.

"I can't help it, Egbert. To be sure, before the war, these 'ragged rascals' used to be among our first gentry, and were supposed to know something of the sword exercise. But, circumstances alter cases in a wonderful manner, and they are gentlemen no more."

"You will not forgive that unlucky slip of mine, Maud. Of course I did not refer to the officers. Most of them are gentlemen, as you say; the more to their shame that they take up arms against their lawful sovereign. But, don't let us speak of that. I am really in earnest about your dropping this rebel talk of yours."

"Very well," said Gainor. "While you endeavor to make a convert of Miss Maud, I will do my best to make Mrs. Eston loyal. I do not think she is as much of a rebel as our fair foe here."

"She may not express herself in as plain terms," said Maud, "but her opinions are as fixed as mine."

Gainor bowed and went into the parlor where the old lady was sitting, and they were soon engaged in conversation, forgetful of the young people on the veranda.

Egbert Blakeley was by birth related to the Eston family, a cousin several times removed, and he and Maud had been playmates from childhood. Indeed, their plantations joined, and there had been many speculations when they were quite young, as to the time when they would marry, and make the riches of the two families one great whole. But, as they grew up, Egbert developed some traits which did not please Maud as when they were child-lovers; and when she met a gentleman who was more to her liking, the chances of the young planter grew daily more hopeless. He was a handsome, bold young fellow, not apt to give up such a prize

lightly, and one who had wonderful power over the human heart. Maud herself acknowledged his power, and while she detested his principles, she could but admire his soldierly bearing, and the steadfast faith with which he clung to even a bad cause.

"You are cold to me," he said, as Gairnor left them. "I do not think I have deserved it at your hands."

"Why have you deserved better, Egbert? I am sure you speak and act against my friends."

"If the devotion of a life—"

"Don't, Egbert. You know I am not in the mood for any thing of that kind. *Your* devotion! Have I not heard how you broke the hearts of all the ladies in Charleston? You are a flirt, my cousin."

"I assure you that you have been misinformed. You know my feelings on this point. I have told you many times that I love you."

"But, Egbert, how preposterous it would be for us to think of love, who are at variance on nearly every point."

"I hope to show you that you are wrong," said Egbert, eagerly. "I hope that you will in time see the utter folly of this rebellion, and then we shall not be at variance."

"That time will never come! You can not know how it grieves me to see you, a man who ought to be the first to raise the sword in the cause of Carolina, striking against her. Your pride of commonwealth ought to keep you from that sin."

"I have greater pride in the name and fame of England than any other land under the sun. The colonies are but accessory to her."

"You are fixed on that point. Let it pass then, and say no more about it. But, you must not speak to me of love. My heart is shut to any Carolinian who fights on the side of our oppressors."

A gray pallor crept into his face. He had counted so much on her love—had prided himself upon it—and it hurt him cruelly to have her thus dash his hopes to the ground.

"I think sometimes you have no heart, Maud," he said, gloomily. "At least, you have none for me."

"You wrong me, Egbert. I always have loved you; but

It is only as an old friend and playfellow. You are the one who has done the most to make us poorer friends."

"I say no more," he said. "Even you can not tempt me to join with these accursed rebels. But do not think that I am so blind that I do not know why you do not care for me. What was James Conrad doing here the other day?"

"Sir!"

"I will know. Do you love him? Have you promised to marry him?"

"I wish you would not ask me, Egbert," she said.

"I am answered," he said. "Henceforth I know my enemy. Woe to him if he ever comes under my hand. There is no man living who could be so unpitying as I am—to him at least."

She was about to answer, when a servant came out upon the veranda. She evidently had something to communicate.

"Won't you please step dis way a minnit, Missee Maud?" she said.

CHAPTER V.

COMPULSORY TOASTS.

MAUD followed the girl into the kitchen, for the "chattel" evidently did not wish to speak before the young royalist captain.

"What do you want, Mattie?" said Maud.

"'Deed, I had to call you, Missee Maud. Pete jus' come in from de woods, an' tol' me dat Mass' Carey war out dar, an' dat he wants to see you. 'Pears like he's got somet'ing to tell you."

"But, I dare not go away from the house," said Maud. "If I do, these men will see me, and the brave fellow will be in danger. I don't think it would be safe."

"'Pears like you ought to know best, missee. But, he've got a powerful deal to tell yer, *dat* I know."

"Wait a moment and I will send him a message. Where is Pete?"

"He jus' outside de doah, missee," said the girl.

Maud, passing out, shut the door behind her. A stout negro was chopping wood near at hand, but dropped the ax when he saw his mistress, and came forward.

"Where is he?" she asked, anxiously.

"He out dar in de woods, missee. He do want to see you powerful bad, to be sure."

"You may go back to him as soon as you can, and tell him that we have got Tories in the house, and that he must lie close. Perhaps they will go away in an hour or two, and then he can come. If they don't go soon, I will send you word, and you can bring him to your cabin, if you think he can get there safely, and I will come and see him there. I think that will have to be done, for our friend Major Gainor thinks a great deal of the good fare of Elmwood."

"He good, honest grubber at he's meals, dat Major Gainor, but he powerful bad man any odder way," grumbled Pete.

"Be careful, boy. Remember that he is my guest."

"Don' I know *dat*?" said Pete, who was a favorite servant. "Don' I know *dat* you's gwine to use him well, ef he's de *debble's* son? He's a Tory, enty? Well, den, w'y ye hab him here any way, when you's a good Whig?"

"It is necessary for us to conciliate both sides, Pete. We can not tell what excesses they might be guilty of; I mean his vile associates."

"Mass' Egbert nebber gwine to let dem Tory hu't you, Missee Maud. He t'inks too much ob you for *dat*. He too good for a Tory, is Mass' Egbert. Wish de Land he turn he's coat one ob dese days. But he won't. He too sot in he own way to do *dat*."

"Don't stop to talk, Pete. Go and do as I have told you. When you come back go to work on the wood here, and I will know where to find you."

The negro moved off slowly, but Maud called him back.

"You had better take your ax, Pete. If any one sees you, they will think you are going to do some work in the woods. You may as well cut some poles for the vines yonder, and bring them in. It will be a good excuse."

The negro shouldered his ax and went away, while Maud returned to the house. She found Egbert chafing at her

absence, and ready to renew the wordy battle which the entrance of the servant had interrupted. But, Maud did not intend to give him a chance.

"Let us join the others," she said, passing him on the veranda. "I have got some new music. Would you like to hear it?"

He followed her without a word, for he saw that it was a ruse to deprive him of the chance of continuing the conversation. They found Gainor in discourse with Mrs. Eston, a noble type of the southern matron.

"I find Mrs. Eston, in her quiet way, quite as obstinate as her daughter," said he. "She can not see *our* successes, and sees those of rebellion in a very vivid light. It seems to me that is hardly fair."

"Oh, you must give us the woman's privilege of being obstinate," said Mrs. Eston. "Maud, can you not favor the major with a little music?"

"They will not care to hear it, dear mother. My fingers have lost their ancient cunning. I find it hard to sing now. However, I will do what I can, if Egbert will assist me in moving my harp to the light."

They pushed out the ponderous harp where the sunlight fell upon it, and she sat down. After striking a few chords, she broke out into a melody which was then much in vogue, a translation from the Spanish, which she sung with much spirit. The gentlemen applauded, as in duty bound, and she gave them a few more airs, and in this manner whiled away an hour. But she was uneasy. She wanted to see the last of them, for that day at least, and did not see any way to get rid of them without violating the rules of politeness and hospitality. At last she pushed away the harp, declaring she would sing no more, as she had played all the morning.

"When do you march, major?" said Mrs. Eston.

"Not within three days, madam. Most of the recruits we expect are from this section, and are coming in fast. I have sent the fiery cross among them."

"As the clansmen of Scotland receive the fiery cross when they go out to *plunder*, major," said Maud. "A delightful simile."

"You are too hard with us, Miss Maud," said Gainor.

"Upon my honor, you are. I used the simile without thinking that you would compare us to the raiders of the Scotch border."

"I did not mean to be so disrespectful to the *borderers*," said Maud. "I beg their pardon."

Gainor flushed a little. These hits were beginning to tell upon his hitherto impervious armor. Mrs. Eston glanced reprovingly at her daughter, who looked penitent, though she did not feel it.

"I think we had better go," said Gainor. "We have much work to do."

"By no means," said Mrs. Eston, hospitably. "Stay to luncheon."

This was an invitation Major Gainor was never known to refuse, so he settled himself comfortably in his seat again. Maud was in despair. Her mother's hospitality was doing her great damage.

But the evil was done, past all reparation, and there was nothing for it but patience. She sat for an hour, listening to the harmless twaddle of Gainor, and the innuendoes of Egbert, directed at the Whigs in general, and Major Conrad in particular, and then excused herself on the ground of looking after luncheon. Giving a hasty direction to Mattie in reference to this, she hastened from the house, and keeping out of sight of the windows, reached the negro-quarters and rapped at a door. It was opened by Pete, who hurried her in, and went out himself to watch. The scout was seated on a stool, whistling in a high key, and carving strange devices on a piece of horn, which he had picked up. He did not suspend his whistling, but looked at Maud with a comical twist of features, which made her laugh in spite of the danger they were in.

"You must be very careful," said she. "You are in danger."

"Who have ye got up to the house?" he demanded.

"Major Gainor is there, and Egbert Blakeley."

"A lovely pair. But of course you can't help yourself. These fellows quarter themselves wherever they please. But ye won't have Gainor's fellows to trouble ye long, I tell ye. I'll spring a mine on them in a few days."

"What have you been doing?" demanded Maud. "Your clothing is ragged and muddy."

"I've been in the swamp," said the scout, "and Gaius's men have been after me. But they didn't catch me, *much*. They hunted us with hounds."

"Horrible!"

"Not so bad as that," said Carey, quietly. "I'm all right, and so is Jake, I guess. Anyhow, if the dogs caught him they wouldn't tear *him*. I don't know how it is, but that nigger can *charm* a dog, it seems to me, no matter how bloody-minded he is. They always seem cowed and afraid of him."

"What did you want to say to me?" asked Maud.

"I thought I'd jest call round and see how you was gettin' along. It wasn't much out of my way."

"Is that all?" said Maud. "That would hardly pay you for the trouble of coming here. I wish you would tell me the truth at once. Have you got a message?"

"A message! Who did you expect a message from? A rebel, I'll bet," said Carey.

"Don't bother me now, *please*. If you have any letter or message, give it to me now. If not, I think you had better go away, for you are in danger."

"I ain't afraid of any two Tories in this yer district," said Sam. "I've a good mind to give them a scare, anyhow. I ken do it. If Jake was on'y here, we'd take them two beauties and carry them into camp. I'm goin' to have their hosses, *anyhow*."

"No, no, Mr. Carey, you must not attempt any thing of the kind. You will surely be taken."

"I guess ye don't know me. Have those chaps got their arms?"

"They did not bring any except their swords, and those stand in the hall. But, my message or letter—one or the other."

"It's a letter," said Sam. "Ye see, the major knew I was coming here, and he thought you would like to know how he was gettin' along. So he gave me this."

The scout took off his cap, and produced from the lining a folded note, which he handed to Maud. She put it at once into that woman's post-office, her bosom.

"I'll read it by and by. Does he want an answer?"

"Of course he does."

"I can't write it here. But if you will stay in the woods for an hour or two, Pete shall bring you the answer. If he can not find you, look for the letter in the hollow tree by the side of the spring. I can't stay a moment longer. Only, is James well?"

"Never better, Miss Maud. A letter from you is all he wants, and then he will be equal to any six Tories along the Pedee. He is good for three now."

"Good-by, then. Thank you for coming. Escape as soon as you can, and don't come near the house."

"Thank you for nothing," said the scout, under his breath. "Perhaps I won't come near the house, and perhaps I will! But, if I don't have them hosses I'm no rebel."

Maud hurried back to the mansion, where she found luncheon waiting.

"You do not give us much of your time," said Egbert.

"I beg your pardon," she answered. "But, I have so much to look after."

"No doubt," said Egbert, "you would not leave your rebel friends so readily."

"That is because they are congenial spirits, my dear cousin. But, I am keeping you from luncheon. Will it please you to be seated?"

They took seats around a little table, which a servant had wheeled in, and which was spread in a royal manner. The two officers soon were enjoying a fragrant cup of coffee, while the ladies joined them in the same. Maud was troubled a little about the scout. She knew that he was a daring man, and feared he would do some rash thing or other, to show the Tories that he did not fear them. Besides, she wished to get away from her guests long enough to write a note to Major Conrad, in answer to the one Cargy had brought. Yet she dared not do it, for Egbert was chafing at her frequent disappearances already. So she sipped her coffee, and hoped that they would depart after luncheon, or at least would sit long enough over their wine to give her a chance.

The servants took away the dishes, and brought in the wine.

"I can give you a good bottle of Madeira or Port, gentlemen," said Mrs. Eston. "Or, would you prefer spirits?"

"I will drink your health in a glass of good Madeira," said Gainor. "And, by the way, these colonial cellars are the best in the world. Their wine seems to have been bottled in the golden era we read of. I know that up to Harveys, when Balfour sequestered that worthy rebel's estate, they had some bottles that had not seen the light for half a hundred years."

"Sequestration?" said Maud. "Is not that another name for *stealing*?"

"Another of your hard hits, my dear Miss Maud. You really ought to have some pity. But, Tom has got that bottle open at last. Let me fill your glass. Now, Egbert! To the ladies."

The gentlemen raised their glasses to their lips and set them down empty. The ladies just touched their lips to the wine and shoved their glasses back. The formality of the first toasts over, they rose, and having excused themselves in courtly style, left the two under the fostering care of Tom the butler, to test the quality of the Eston wine bins, a thing they were fully capable of doing.

"Now, you sable son of Bacchus," cried Gainor, "see that you do your spiriting gently. Some of that Madeira."

Tom filled his glass to the brim, and they toasted everybody and every thing in the circle of their knowledge, and yet were not drunk. Our readers must remember that they did not drink such fearful fire-water, in the shape of wine, in our grandfathers' days as they do now. But, though they could not be justly accused of drunkenness, they were in a state of pleasant excitement, and hardly masters of themselves. At this stage of the festival, the window leading out into the veranda was darkened, and a man leaped in, holding a loaded pistol in each hand, uttering this fierce salutation:

"Offer to rise, and ye die!"

It was Carey, the scout! The negro turned almost white with terror, but recovered himself when he recognized the intruder. He sat down in the seat so lately vacated by Maud, laid his pistols on the table, and leaning his elbows on it, dropped his chin into his open palms, and regarded the merry pair with a cool impudence that was refreshing in the

extreme. Neither of the revelers was fully awake to the position in which they were placed. Gainor was dimly conscious that some one threatened him with deadly weapons, but was not quite clear whether his designs were really against him or the *Madeira*.

"See here, young man," he said, "who are you?"

"Mister Satan, himself," said Carey, promptly, "as ye will find if ye offer to leave this table. Here, Tom, you black rascal, pour me out a glass of this wine they are drinking."

"Leave the table, fellow," said Egbert. "What do you mean by such impudence?"

"Tom," said Carey, "*wine!*"

Tom came forward, trembling, and filled the glass, while Carey kept a vigilant eye on the two men, who were fast getting sober. Egbert glanced from the pistols on the table to the person of the scout who took matters so coolly.

"Confound your impudence," said he. "Do you mean to threaten us?"

"I threaten no man," was the cool reply. "What I *say*, I *do*! And I *say* that if you dare move hand or foot, I will shoot you where you sit."

"What do you want?" said Egbert, who was now completely sobered.

"Nothing much," said Carey. "I thought I'd step in and take a glass of wine with ye. Perhaps ye don't know me?"

"By Jove, then, I do," cried Gainor. "It is that infernal liar who got me to give him a pass into my camp—Carey!"

"Ah-ha!" said Egbert. "Now, my man, you are in our power. You dare not fire."

"You've a good way to find out whether I dare or not," said the scout, coolly. "I won't take it on myself to advise you to try it."

"Don't do it, Mass' Egbert," said Tom. "Mass' Carey is a dreffal man when he mad. Don't you dar' to move. He nebber miss his aim."

Gainor turned very white. The blazing eyes of the scout looked at him with such steadfast earnestness that he shrunk before them.

"Fill your glasses," said the scout, laying one hand upon his pistol and the other on his glass. "I intend to propose a toast. Are you ready?"

Egbert looked as if he would like to rebel, but a second thought showed him the uselessness of resistance. Their swords were in the hall, out of reach. He tried to motion to Tom to leave the room and bring help, but, either intentionally or otherwise, Tom was blind, and saw none of the nods and winks designed for him, greatly to the rage of the young royalist.

"I give you first," said Carey, "and I ask you to drink it without heeltaps, the Eston family at large."

Egbert endeavored, while the scout was emptying his glass, to get hold of one of the pistols, but was met by one of the deadly weapons, with the hand of Carey on the trigger.

"I don't think you had better try that on," he said. "You might get hurt."

Egbert returned to his wine and drank the toast, cursing the watchfulness of the scout, and waiting for an opportunity to catch him napping. Gainor, with the greatest good-nature, drained his glass to the bottom.

"Fill them up again, Tom," cried the scout. "I have another toast to propose to these gentlemen."

Tom filled the glasses. Gainor had by this time forgotten that Carey was an enemy, and was filled to the brim with the milk of human kindness, ready to drink every toast, no matter what it was.

"I give you, now," said Carey, "the health of Miss Maud Eston. You will not object to *that*, I think?"

They drank her health under the delicate persuasion of the pistol—Egbert, as before, merely touching his lips to the glass. He was in a rage at his superior officer, who was now as drunk as a fiddler.

"Gainor," he whispered, "keep your wits about you, if you can, and don't make a fool of yourself. This scoundrel will ruin us."

"Take another glass of Madeira," said Gainor. "What's the row? I drink to woman, lovely woman, bewitching woman. Fill my glass, old Blackness—fill it *full*. Drink! I'll drink any thing. Why shouldn't I?"

Egbert gave him up in despair, and turned his attention to the scout. He saw that the wine, to which the latter had been unaccustomed, was having an enlivening effect upon him.

"Now, men," the intruder said, "I'll give you a toast, and if you don't drink it, I'll kill you, I will, by mighty. Here is to the great Continental Congress, and its best Ginerel, Washington."

Egbert set down his goblet with a crash. The frail glass was shivered into a hundred fragments.

"When I drink that toast," he said, "may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Carey sprung up, with a pistol in each hand:

"I don't want to kill ye, my lad," he said. "But, as sure as there is death in powder and ball, if ye do not drink that toast, yer a dead man."

"Drink it, drink it, Egbert," said Gainor. "I'm going to. Here's to the Continental Congress and Washington, whoever they are."

"What?"

"Continental Congress and the other chap. Here's to them, *anyhow*."

"Will ye drink?" demanded Carey, hoarsely, with a finger on the trigger. "I give ye fair warning."

"Drink, Mass' Egbert," whispered Tom. "He kill you if you don't, *sure*."

Egbert took up the glass and touched it to his lips and set it down again.

"There, curse you," he said. "May my right hand forget its cunning if I do not make you repent this outrage!"

"All right," said Carey. "That's yer privilege, ye know. If ye kin git me down, any time, that's fair. Jest now, I've got ye. Tom!"

"'Es Mass' Carey."

"Take off his sword-belt, and tie his arms behind his back."

"Me, Mass' Carey?"

"Yes, *you*. If ye don't, I'll shoot ye, and do it *myself*."

Tom approached Egbert with great caution.

"I begs yer pardon, massa. I has to do it. Please to excuse me."

"Do as you are bidden, you rascal. It is no time to dally. Hurry up, there."

"'Pears like you're too hard on a poor ole nigger," said Tom. "I's got to do it, Mass' Egbert."

"Do it, then, you fool," said Egbert.

Having this permission, Tom did his work well. He took off the sword-belt, and buckled the elbows of the captain together closely, and then, by order of the scout, tied his feet to the chair in which he sat. Gainor was secured by a belt, but it was not thought necessary to bind him to the chair.

"Good by, captain," said Carey. "Ye have responded to my toasts, and I have no further claim upon you. Good-day to ye."

"We shall meet again," said Blakeley.

"So I think," said Carey. "And if you do not wish that meeting had not come, I am a calf. Good-day, Major Gainor. I am half inclined to cut your throat. For Captain Blakeley I have the respect which a man must feel for another whom he knows to be brave. But you are a butcher, who has mistaken his calling, to slaughter men instead of beasts. A coward and a sneak at that. Tom!"

"'Es, Mass' Carey."

"Come with me."

Tom followed him into the hall, where he bundled the swords of the two men together, and took them under his arm. As he passed through the hall he met Maud.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded, greatly alarmed.

"Drinking yer health with our Tory friends," said Carey.

"Oh, Carey! You have not killed them?"

"Not a bit of it, Miss Maud. I have only tied them to their chairs, that they may get a little rest after lunch. Have you got the letter for the major?"

"I had just finished it. Here it is," said Maud.

"Have ye no message for him?"

"I have written all I have to say in the note I now give you. Let me conjure you to go; these men may free themselves."

"I've got their arms," said Carey, "and Major Gainor is so drunk that he drank the health of the Continental Congress and of Washington, but said that he did not know the men."

Maud laughed aloud.

"But you must go," she said. "I think you have made implacable enemies to-day."

"I *know* it. When Gainor gets over the wine, he will hate me worse than ever. But, by that time I shall be in the swamps, away from his reach. Good-by."

"Thank you for bringing me the letter," she said, "and good-by."

The scout passed out. At the steps stood Pete, holding the horses of the officers. Carey mounted one, and taking the bridle of the other, started off at full speed, leaving Maud standing on the steps. She then ran to release the victims. Egbert was silent while she was unbuckling the straps.

"He is gone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I heard horses' hoofs. Did he take our horses?"

"He did. I could not help it, being a woman."

"And *would* not, being a rebel at heart," said Egbert, who was thoroughly incensed at the manner of Maud. "I say little now, Maud; but a time will come when you and that spy, James Conrad, and the rest of that traitor crew, shall have cause to tremble when they hear the name of Egbert Blakeley."

"Am I to blame for this?" said Maud, with some feeling.

"Yes. If you had given these fellows no encouragement they would never have dared to come here. I know that James Conrad has been here, and that you have received him as a dear friend."

"He is," said Maud, flushing violently, "the dearest friend I have."

"The more then is he my enemy," said Egbert, shaking his hand in the air. "I am one who was never known to forget either friend or enemy. I was lenient even to rebels until now. But from this hour let them beware."

"Have you any more threats to make, Egbert Blakeley?—and to a woman?"

"I do not threaten you, Maud. And yet you have most

cause to fear me, for I find that my feelings are changing toward you. I have always placed you in my heart as a saint, to whom I could bow down as I never bowed to my Maker. But I find you are like the rest—of the earth, earthy. So look to yourself. My horse is gone. I want another."

"The stables are open. Take what horse you please."

In half an hour Gainor and the captain were on horse-back, and on the way to camp.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARAUDERS.

EGBERT BLAKELEY was well known to the Whigs of Carolina as one of the most lenient of those who fought under the flag of King George. A daring horseman, a good swordsman, the idol of his men, it was thought strange that one of his blood should fight against the colony. But, he had been trained to love England, had received his education there, and it was not so wonderful, after all, that he should think so much of the nation then first in power of all the world.

But, the men who had joined his company were not such as himself. From crown to foot they were robbers and murderers—the worst men who could be culled from the wild region about the Pedee and Santee rivers—boatmen, swamp suckers, hunters, horse-traders, men whose whole lives had passed in excitement, and who were not unused to scenes of blood. Many of them were of the class known as Georgia refugees—desperadoes who had been driven from their own colony, not to return under pain of death, for some act against the State. No deed was too bloody, no enterprise too dangerous for these fellows. They were not at all particular whom they plundered. A good horse on the plantation of a loyalist was in as much danger as the same animal on the plantation of a rebel. In one case he was *sequestered* by the crown; in the other he was stolen by the refugees. In any

case, he became a help to the service of England. These villains were well posted as to the politics of the owners of land along the rivers. Upon some, who were known to be halting between two opinions, they levied black-mail many times over, going back to them when nothing better offered.

For some time Jack Adams had had his eye on the Eston plantation. His mouth watered for its good wines and food, and he coveted the fine horses with which the plantation was stocked. But, he had not presumed to go there; he knew that Egbert favored Maud, and that depredation on the estate would not be allowed. But, somehow, on the day after the two officers returned from Eston's, it leaked out that they had been roughly handled, and had lost their horses there. This was Jack's golden opportunity, and he improved it. The news had not been abroad for an hour, when the same men who had chased the scout and negro through the swamp, left camp by different routes, but came together under the oak trees about a mile away. If you had sacked the country from north to south, you could not have found four ruffians worse than they. Three of them were Georgia refugees, brothers, named Hall, who had been expatriated for a murder, in which a whole family were victims. They were named, in the order of their ages, Gilbert, Gabriel, and Owen, called in camp, Gill, Gabe, and Oney. The fourth was a beardless youth of twenty, with a saber-cut across his chin, which had severed the lower lip, and gave it a hideous appearance. In spite of his youth, this young man had escaped from Georgia after the murder of a brother. His name was Lewis Hurton. The fifth was Jack Adams, and, as one of their comrades remarked when he saw them together, "It only needed Satan to make up the lot."

These men threw themselves down on the greensward and waited for what Jack had to say, for, as yet, they knew nothing of his purpose. When he needed any of them, he gave a signal, and they followed him out of the camp, as in this case.

"Well, Jack," said Lew Hurton, "what work's on hand now? Is it to ride after horses, a pretty girl, or to hang some rebel? Let it out."

"I knew you wanted work, boys, and it seemed to me we'd

got too good a chance to be wasted. You know the Eston plantation."

"Don't we though?" said Gill Hall. "I believe you, my boy. Oh, the horses they have there! If Captain Blakeley was not so completely struck with that pretty girl, what handsome pickings a chap might have there."

"The girl for my money," said the youngest ruffian. "I'd rather have one kiss from her pretty lips than a piece of the Eston plate, and they say it beats the world. I tell you, boys, if we can get that plate, and spout it somehow, it would be the making of us."

"That's what I think *myself*. Now, the women are rank Whigs, and what I say is this: why should they escape because they *are* women, when they help the rebels in every way they can? I know they do. Major Conrad has been there half a dozen times lately. I know it, for I've been dogging him for a long time, and one of these days I'm goin' to make him a present of a little bit of lead. I'd a done it twice before, but his men were with him, or else the women."

"But, what do you mean to do?" asked Gabe Hall. "If you go near the Estons, the captain will saddle a high horse for you to ride—mind that."

"No he won't," said Jack. "He was up there yesterday, and that cursed Sam Carey lit on them somehow and got their swords, and made them drink the health of Congress, or some such thing, tied them neck and heels, and made off with their horses. That's the way it happened that the major and captain came back on two of the Eston nags."

"That Carey is a daring chap," said Oney Hall. "Smart enough to be one of us, isn't he? Blast me if I wouldn't hate to tumble him, even if I got a good chance."

"I wouldn't," said Jack Adams. "I've a bullet run for him, but I doubt he'll get the better of me yet. But, that ain't business. The captain is raving mad at the Estons now, and he won't mind if we give them a touch for the good of the kentry. So my word is, let's make a dash for the plantation."

"You can't do any thing we won't back you in, old lad," said Gilbert Hall. "Just you lead the way, and we will follow, and never give back a foot."

"You are the lad for me. What do you say, Gabe?"

"I say, *gut* the plantation."

"What do *you* say, Oney?"

"I say what Gill and Gabe do," growled Oney.

"And you, Lew?"

"Did you ever know me to back down on any thing?" said Hurton. "I ain't that kind of a fellow, you know. And I bargain for a kiss from that handsome gal, anyhow."

"You'd better leave that out," said Jack. "If any of the women are teched, it ain't me that's goin' to answer for it to the captain. If you'll take my advice you'll let her alone, and confine your attention to the wine, the silver, and the horses, and you will get along better. The cap'n is mad now, I know, but he can't stay mad at *her* long, and though he'll forgive our stealing a few horses, or some sech matter, he'd kill the man who dared to tech *her*."

"Then I guess I'll let her be," said Hurton. "He's a hard man to rile up, is the captain, and a hard colt to ride. But, they do say she is the prettiest gal in this section."

"You bet she is," said Gill. "I've seen her myself. Her hair is like sunshine. I never saw any thing like it, and her eyes seem to look right into the place where a fellow's heart ought to be, and where I had one, years ago, when I was in love with little Nettie Hayne. I've thought many a time, boys, that if she hadn't died, I would have been a better man than I am. I don't know."

"Oh, *slow* preaching, won't you?" cried Oney. "And so you all agree to go through the house. Let's be off, then, before we change our minds."

They mounted at once. It was only a short two miles to Eston's, and about three in the afternoon the five rode up the avenue leading to the manor, and fastened their horses to the fences and posts around. Maud was on the veranda as they rode up. A glance convinced her that they were Egbert's men. She never dreamed of harm coming from them, for, in spite of his threats, she believed that he had too much real love for her to allow him or his men to injure her in any way. Still, she did not like their looks, nor the free way in which they approached the veranda after dismounting.

"Perhaps you don't know who we are," said Jack. "It don't make any difference. We thought we would give you a call."

"So it seems. May I ask to what we are indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Now, look here," said Jack, "that sort of sarcastic politeness won't do. I'm talkin' for your good, and I say it *won't* do! So don't you try it on. Be polite in earnest. We are gentlemen, though we look rough."

Maud had it on her tongue to thank him for the information, and to tell him that she should never have suspected it, but prudence restrained her.

"May I ask what you wish?"

"We are coming in, that's all," said Jack, who was spokesman for the party. "I s'pose you won't say nothin' agin' it. It won't do you any good if you do—*that* I tell you."

He pushed rudely by her and entered the parlor. Her eyes flashed, but she managed to keep her temper, and followed them into the room, where the Halls gazed about them in stupid amazement at the splendid furniture, to which they had not been accustomed, and at the carpets in which their feet sunk at every step. But, young Hurton was of good family, though an exile from his home, and he sat down on a sofa with an impudent assumption of ease.

"This is something like, boys," he said. "'Tisn't often that we get in such snug quarters. A harp, I see. You play, then, I presume? Perhaps you will favor us with some music?"

"I am not in the habit of entertaining persons who thrust themselves upon us in this manner. Be assured your officers shall hear of this conduct," said Maud.

"Why, as to *that*," said Hurton, "if you complain of our conduct already, perhaps you will think even worse of us by the time we get ready to leave."

She understood the menace in his tone, but showed no alarm.

"You take the matter coolly," said Jack Adams, with a laugh. "Now, miss, let's come to an understanding on the subject. We may as well now as at any other time. We want, first, something to eat and drink. We don't think *that*

asking much, when we call to mind that you often entertain Whigs here."

"Who told you that?"

"Don't you ask too many questions. Jest you go to the kitchen, or ring the bell and order something to eat and drink. Or, hold on. Here's a darky. Come in here, you sooty rascal. Your mistress has an order to give."

"I shall give no orders, whatever," said Maud.

"Jest as well," said Jack. "I ain't at all bashful. I'll do it. Come in, I say, you black fool."

Tom, who was standing trembling in the door, entered. He knew these lawless men would be guilty of any excess, if once their bad passions were roused. He had heard fearful tales of their atrocities from the slaves of Whigs who had suffered at their hands.

"I want you to go down to the kitchen," said Jack, "and order the cook to get up a meal for us. She needn't trouble herself to cook a great deal. We ain't particular, are we, boys?"

"Oh, no," said the Halls, in chorus, glad of an opportunity to say something, and not knowing very well how to begin.

"Any thing cold in the shape of meat you have in the pantry will do. Don't be stingy. We are *rather* hungry. Ain't we, boys?"

"You bet we are," was the reply.

"And above all things, don't you fail to bring us plenty to drink. You needn't bring any tea or coffee. We don't care for such truck. But, bring up a few bottles of *good* wine, and some rum and brandy. We like *them*! It's a failing of ours. Ain't it, boys?"

"Thar you're right, old man," said Gill Hall.

"Any thing more, massa?" asked Tom, with a furtive glance at Maud, who sat, pale and sad, near the door.

"I guess that will do, now. If we think of any thing else we will send for it. We are among friends, we know. Now go. Or, hold on. You go with him, Gill. He might forget something, or send off a boy on horseback to bring Pete Horry or Major Conrad down on us. I've heard of such things."

"I will go and order what you want," said Maud, suddenly.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Jack, with a grin. "I reckon Gill can see to it. He knows how. And besides, you have friends not far away, and there's no tellin' what they mought do ef *you* sent for them. Come; you can't fool this party, you see. Go along, Gill."

The ruffian accompanied the negro out of the room, while the others lounged in easy attitudes upon the chairs and sofas.

Lew Hurton went to the harp, and after striking a few chords, commenced playing in a style which astonished Maud, who had not thought him capable of it.

"'We have seen better days,' as the saying is," said he, noticing her looks. "We don't mean to be rude, but camp-life is rough on all of us. Perhaps you will like us better by and by. I wish you would play."

Maud, thinking that it might be well to conciliate them, sat down to the instrument and played several lively tunes, which pleased the fellows immensely. Half an hour passed, and food was brought in by servants, while Gill followed them like a shadow. He had given them to understand that they must not talk to one another, and they obeyed him. A table was drawn out in the dining-room and profusely spread, as Maud hoped by doing this to get rid of them in as pleasant a manner as possible. They sat down with many noisy comments and commenced eating. But Hurton insisted upon her taking a place at the table. Not one of the servants had been allowed to leave the room; but Maud noticed that Pete, who had been working about the kitchen when the ruffians came, was no where in sight. This gave her hope that he had gone for help and she determined to keep them as long as possible from the plunder which she could plainly see they counted on. So she sat there and ordered up new dishes until they had gorged themselves to overflowing. Then came something which she feared—the liquor. During the meal they had been drinking freely of wine, but when the cloth was removed, they literally poured the stronger liquor down their throats. They would not let her leave for a moment. The wild band shouted and laughed in glee; their stories and jests became coarser

every moment, and they were fast losing all control of their passions.

"I must go now," she pleaded. "My mother wants me."

"Wants you, does she?" bayled Gill Hall. "Then I reckon she'll have ter make it up in wantin' you, that's all. You don't git out of this yer room. No, sir-ree! Sit down!"

"But I must go," said Maud. "You dare not keep me."

"Must go; *must*? Now, you sit down, or mayhap something will happen to you. Don't we know what we are doing? Sit down!"

Maud sat down, very much terrified at the attitude assumed by the man. He had grasped a dessert-knife, and was flourishing it over her head. Lew Hurton, who, for reasons of his own, was the most sober man in the party, made him put the knife away. He did so growling, and pouring out a full glass of brandy, gulped it down.

"Somebody's goin' ter git hurt," he muttered. "Always when I see blood it is so. Who will it be?"

"Confound it!" said Jack Adams, "don't let's sit here drinking any longer. Let's get the plate and hide it, and then we can get as drunk as lords."

"Come to think of it," said Gill, looking at the table in a sidelong manner, "where is the plate? Ther ain't none of it here. Blow me ef they ain't put us to eat off'n common chiny! What do they mean by it?"

For the first time the others noticed the absence of the plate, and a perfect howl of rage broke from them. Jack sprung to his feet.

"See here, gal; do yer mean ter insult us? Whar's the plate? Why ain't it on the table?"

"For a very good reason. It isn't in the house. It is gone."

"Gone where?"

"To Marion's camp!"

Jack rushed at her like a wild beast and grasped her by the shoulder, shaking her violently.

"Do you tell us that you hev given it to him?"

"They came here and took it," said Maud.

"That's a horse of another color," said Jack. "Ef they took it, all right; but ef yer give it to 'em, I'd a killed yer."

He released her, and she dropped into her chair. Though badly frightened, the brave girl did not for a moment lose her self-possession. The color on her cheeks came and went like flashes of heat lightning. Hurton watched her with admiring eyes, muttering to himself, "Game, by Jove!"

"Let's have the horses, anyhow, boys," said Gill. "It's too bad the plate's gone, and to the camp of Marion; but, as we mean to have him, camp and all, in a few days, it will come out all right. How many horses hev you got in the stable?"

"Not one now," said Maud. "Marion's men took them all."

She had reason now to be frightened. The burly ruffian leaped forward, bore her down across his knee, and drew his knife. There is not the slightest doubt that he would have killed her then and there, but Lew Hurton and his youngest brother dragged her away from him. All this time the resolute girl had not uttered a cry.

"What you holding me fur, say?" bawled Gill. "Didn't you hear her say that the hosses was gone? Ain't that enough? Let me git at her once. It only needs one lick of this, jest *one*, and she's done for. I'll do it, too."

"Keep off, I say," said Lew Hurton, angrily. "No man lays a finger on her to hurt her without a fight with me. So look out, Gill Hall."

"I don't want to quarrel, but them hosses is gone. What are you goin' to do about it?"

"Let's *gut* the old house," said Jack Adams. "I reckon we ken find *something* wuth takin'."

"Who'll stay with the gal?" said Gabe.

"I will," said Hurton. "She won't get away."

The drunken band started through the house. But, on the stairway, they were met by the staunch figure of Mrs. Eston. She had been sleeping through the afternoon, but, roused by the din, had come out upon the stairs just as the ruffians, hot with liquor, emerged from the parlor and were battering at a portrait of her husband which hung in the hall.

"Wretches!" she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Shut up, old gal," cried Adams, "if you know what's good for you. We'll have less of your mouth, that's all I've got to say."

"Leave the house this instant!"

"Go back to your room," replied Adams, "and if you as much as put your head out of the door ag'in, I'll give yer something to remember me by."

Instead of complying, she came further down the stairway, and pushed the ruffian away from the picture, which he was striking with his clenched fist. He turned upon her, and raised his hand to strike, but the good old blood which flowed in her veins was stronger than fear, and she never shrunk.

"Let the picture alone. He never injured you or yours," she said.

"I ain't goin' to talk with you any longer," said the man, 'mind I tell you. Don't force me to hurt you. I'll hev ter do it."

"I will not leave you, villains. You will find that I am not friendless. Lord Rawdon shall punish you for this."

"If you don't go back to yer room, it'll be yer last day on earth. Go back."

"I will not."

"Pick her up and chuck her inter that room, Oney," said Jack. "I'll stand something from a pretty girl, but nothing from her."

Mrs. Eston shrieked. Maud broke away from young Hurton, who tried to detain her, and ran out into the hall. Oney Hall had seized the old lady, and was forcing her away, but the true-hearted girl snatched a pistol which lay upon the hall table, and fired it with so sure an aim that the ball knocked the cap from his head. It needed only some such thing as this to make the smoldering passions of the brutal band break out, and Hurton seized her in his arms.

"A kiss for a blow," said the young desperado. "Yield gracefully, my beauty."

As he spoke, something flashed at the other end of the hall, near the door, and a report followed. Hurton staggered, and released the girl at once. Three other reports followed in rapid succession. Gill Hall dropped, and Gabe was wounded in the right arm. With howls of pain and rage, they turned to look for their enemies, and saw the negro Pete, Carey, and a young man in the uniform of a colonial major, entering the hall. The latter had just flung down a pair of discharged

pistols, and then drew his sword. Carey, who had fired the first shot, already had loaded his rifle, and was striking it on the breech to make it prime. Pete was armed with a long bludgeon. The moment Hurton released her, Maud sprang away and met the young major.

"Oh, James," she cried, "I am so glad you have come!"

"Into the parlor with you, out of harm's way," said the major. "We have work to do."

"Major Conrad!" cried Jack Adams, who had not been touched. "At them, boys!"

"Out of the way, Maud," shouted the major, poising his sword with a practiced hand. Maud stepped aside, followed by her mother.

Lew Hurton, whose sword-arm was uninjured, dashed at the major. That movement sealed his doom. A sudden dash of Conrad's dextrous hand, a swift parry, a sure thrust, and the silver hilt of the sword struck against the breast-bone of the unfortunate young man. Carey had primed his rifle and aimed at Jack Adams, but he dropped just as the finger of the scout was on the trigger, and the ball struck Oney Hall, who fell to the floor.

Jack Adams saw that their only chance was flight, and springing up, he cried, "Heel it, Gabe! There's a bad time coming," and darted out of the hall into a side-room, followed by Gabe, who closed and bolted the door behind him. A moment after the crash of glass was heard, and when the patriots reached the open air, the ruffians had gained the shelter of the woods behind the house, and were, for the present, safe.

Carey did not then care to pursue, and returned. He found Maud in the arms of her lover, and Mrs. Eston clasping his hand and covering it with kisses. The major was a sun-burned, active young fellow, with a determined face and a quick eye, which redeemed his features from the charge of homeliness. Otherwise, he was not a handsome man, but such a one as a woman would love, for all that.

"Don't thank me," said he. "Pete is the man who did the work. He slipped off the moment the scoundrels came, and brought me word. He happened to know that I should not be far away at this time, and, as good luck would have

it, met us on the road in the very nick of time. You have been badly frightened."

"He uttered such fearful threats, James; and they were using mother roughly. Pete, if I ever forget what you have done, I shall be the most ungrateful wretch on the face of the earth."

"'Tain't nothin'," said Pete. "Psho, now, you stop talkin'. I ain't goin' to hev you talk 's ef I'd done some great t'ings."

"I think you had better retire, dear Maud, and let us see to these fellows. Such sights are not for you. Go with her, dear madam; we shall not be long."

They left the hall and went up-stairs. Conrad turned to take a look at the faces of the dead around. There lay Gill Hall, as he had fallen when he received the ball from Conrad's pistol, one powerful arm under his head, and the other thrown across his breast. His youngest brother had fallen across his feet. Nearer the door was the prostrate form of Lew Hurton. The sword had not drawn much blood, for it was a long French rapier, with a thin blade, the wounds from which close up almost immediately. His right hand still clutched his own heavy saber, and upon his young face there was a look of such dreadful ferocity that the beholders were shocked.

"A bad face, Carey," said Conrad, "and doubtless a bad heart."

"I never knew a worse at his age," said Carey. "Let's get them under the sod."

CHAPTER VII.

SCOUT VERSUS SCOUT.

THE sole survivors of that fray ran with all their speed for half a mile after they entered the woods, when the unnatural strength which had sustained Gabe Hall gave way. The ball which had struck him, after passing through his arm, entered his side, and the blood had been oozing from the wound at every step. All at once he dropped, with a groan. In

spite of the grievous sins of which Jack Adams had been guilty, he had one good quality: he was faithful to a friend, even to the death. Raising the head of the wounded man to his knee, he saw that a gray pallor was stealing into Gabe's face, such as is only seen on the face of a man in extreme agony, or near death. Adams knew the sign.

"How now, old lad?" he said, cheerily. "What! goin' to give it up here? Never think of it."

"I've fought my last battle, Jack," replied the wounded man. "Where are they all?—Gill and Oney and Lew?"

"Dead, poor fellows. That was a cursed chance. I never thought it could happen."

"Are you sure they are dead?"

"I didn't have much time to look. You saw what poor Lew got. The sword came out eighteen inches behind his shoulder, and Gill was shot through the brain. As for Oney, I only know he dropped like a log, and I yelled to you to come."

"I think you must be right," said Gabe, in a hesitating way. "Dead, dead—all dead! The only men I ever cared for, barring you. The fellowship of five is broken. You will be the only one left."

"Don't talk that way, lad," said Jack. "I can't bear to hear you. Why, what's to hinder you gittin' well? A ball in yer arm; pshaw!"

"It isn't that, old man. The ball went through my arm and lodged in my side. I ken feel it thar, and a minnit ago it was the pain of death to bear it. I reckon I'm booked for a passage clear over. Never mind. A man must die sometime, and I never expected to die in my bed like a sick girl. But, thar's some one got to answer fer the death of four sech fellers as will be dead when I'm gone. 'Tend to that, Jack."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Jack, hoarsely.

"I reckon as how *you* know. It's only to keep a bean in yer pouch *always* for Conrad and Carey. Don't forget."

"I had something agin' them before," said the scout, "and now I've ten times more. Are you in great pain?"

"Yes," replied Gabe, grinding his teeth together. "There, it's over. I reckon that's the last one. Swear to me that

you will foller these men till death, and pay them off for this."

"I swear," said Jack, solemnly.

Gabe then seemed easier; a pleasant light came into his face, and for the space of ten minutes he neither moved nor spoke, and Jack patiently held him. At the end of that time he stretched out a rough hand.

"Shake hands, Jack."

The scout did so, deeply affected.

"Don't forget," said Gabe. "You promised me."

"I won't forgit."

"Good-by, then. I'm off."

"Good-by. But you ain't goin'."

Gabe smiled, gasped, dropped back, and was dead.

Jack mournfully scooped him a grave in the soft earth of the forest, wrapped his garments closely about him, and laid him down to rest. It was a strange funeral, there, in the silent woods, one man physician, grave-digger and mourner—a sincere one, too.

"Gabe'll have a better grave than Conrad'll give the rest of 'em," muttered the man, as he scraped the earth carefully back on the body, and scattered the dry leaves above it in every direction, so that no one would suspect that a body lay there. "It'll be years, I reckon, before anybody will disturb him. There, it's done."

He rose and looked at the sky through the branches. It was getting dark. They had been some hours at the plantation, and he wished from his heart he had never gone there at all. Nothing had been gained and much lost. He knew the ground well, and bidding a silent good-by to the friend upon whose grave no flowers would grow, and which he was destined never to look upon again, he turned off in the direction of the camp, which he reached about nine o'clock in the evening, and was sent immediately to Gainor's tent.

"Where have you been?" demanded that officer.

Jack did not see any use in lying, and answered the question truly:

"At Eston's."

"At Eston's, eh? Who did you take with you?"

He named his companions.

"Where are they?"

"Dead," was the gloomy reply.

"Explain that," said Gainer, angrily. "Tell me how you managed to lose me four of my best men."

Jack gave him a detailed account of the expedition and its sad results. Gainer could find but little fault, and Jack was too valuable a man to quarrel with. Besides, he was bitterly incensed against the Estons, and would not have been very angry if he had heard that they were even more roughly used than they had been.

"Let it go," he said. "I have work for you to do. We must know where Horry is, and you are the man to find out. You will go to-night."

"Alone?"

"Just as you choose."

"Alone, then, it is. I ain't got no good of takin' company lately. I can't snake along as I ken when I'm alone. Where do you think he is likely to be found?"

"In the big swamp below the Pedee, is where I believe he is lurking."

"I've a notion that it would be as well to wait till mornin' and track Conrad. He has been running with Marion and Horry lately, that I know."

"Perhaps they will leave Eston's to-night."

"Course they will. You don't think Sam Carey is goin' to stay there long when he knows that I'm on the trail? Not he! But, they kain't go on hossback without leavin' some kind ov a trail. That's what I think. I'll take a squad of men and ride out to Eston's now, and ef they ain't gone yit, perhaps we mought nab them there. Ef ther gone, why then I'll stay at the manor till mornin', an' then send the boys away and go on alone. But, ef we go quick, mayhap they'll dally long enough to give us a chance."

"Off with you, then. Take what men you want."

Jack was not long in choosing his men, and started off at a round pace, along the road to Eston's manor. About a quarter of a mile away they heard the swift beat of a horse's hoofs, and halted. But, the sounds proved to recede instead of advance, and they hurried on. The rider was no other than Pete, who had been sent out on Carey's horse—the one

he had taken from Egbert—as a sort of vidette, with orders to retreat immediately if he heard the tramp of horses. He had caught the sound of their coming feet long before they were in sight, and spurring hard, he reached the house some ten minutes in advance of the others.

Sam Carey had been hurrying his superior for some time, with very poor effect. It was not often that the major had a chance to enjoy the society of Maud, and he did not care to leave that society now. But, they heard the coming feet of the horse, and rushed out.

"Pete would never come back unless he had seen something," said Sam.

Two other horses were already saddled, and Pete threw himself from the back of the one he had ridden, and Sam vaulted into his place.

"Mount, Pete!" he cried. "How far are they off?"

"Dey is on top ob de hill by dis time."

"Then don't hurry. Trot off lightly, and we'll ketch yer. Good-by, Miss Maud. Now, major, *are* yer coming, or do yer want ter git nabbed?"

"Go, James, go. You are in danger here. God be with you."

He stooped in the saddle, imprinted a kiss upon the lips which Lew Hurton preferred to the Eston plate, and was off like an arrow from a bow, the trained horse stepping lightly, though going at a good pace. They were out of sight in the darkness as the Tories swept up. Maud crept back to the house and locked the doors. All the lights were out. Jack Adams leaped his horse over the barred gate, and rode up to the kitchen door, on which he thundered with his pistol butt.

"Ho, there. Open the door, curse you. Open, you black villain, or I will kindle a fire about your ears."

"Who dar?" said Molly, the cook.

"I'll let you know, ef yer don't open pretty soon. Serve you right ef you got the crib pulled down about your ears. I ain't quite clear that I won't do it, anyhow. Open!"

"Is dat you, Mass' Adams? Didn't know ye 'fore—sabe me, my bressed Mass'r, ef I did. Let ye in? *Couras* I will."

The door was opened, and the negress appeared in the doorway, holding a lamp above her head.

"Where is Conrad?"

"Mass' James?"

"Yes. Who do you suppose I mean? Is he here?"

"'Deed he ain't. Mass'r sabe me ef he is. He gone away long time ago."

"Is Carey here?"

"No, Mass' Adams. He gone, too."

"Then I want that scoundrel, Pete. He was with them, curse him. I'll make him sweat blood for it. He was to blame for my losing my men."

"I's *right* sorry, mass'r, but Pete he done gone, too. He was 'fraid to stay, and so he done gone too. True as I lib and breathe he be."

Jack dismounted and put a pistol to her head:

"Yer a-lyin' ain't you? Them fellers is lid som'ers, ain't they?"

"No, mass'r. Ef ye was to kill me, I cudn't tell yer no diffrent, 'deed I cudn't. Pete hes gone, and dey's all gone. Rode off on dey hosses."

"Go to the stable, Tom," said Adams, addressing one of his comrades, who had come up. "See if thar ar' any hosses thar. Ef you find the major's big black, and a roan loss with white feet, holler to me, and I'll shoot this darky, and spile six hundred dollars worth of stock."

"'Twon't do yer any good ef ye go thar, I tells ye *fa'r*," said Molly. "Dar ain't no hosses in dar. Min', I tol' ye."

The man went to the stables, but soon returned, saying the stalls were empty.

"Then the darky told the truth. They are off. Picket yer horses right here, and let's go inter the house. We may as well sleep in a good bed for once. I've got an order."

The men obeyed his command, and he sent Molly to advise Maud of their coming. Gainor had scrawled a formal request to Mrs. Eston to give his men shelter for the night, and she complied. They passed the night in such a bed as they had never dreamed of. Next day they returned to camp, while Jack set out on the trail left by Conrad.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SWAMP RETREAT.

JACK ADAMS followed the trail like a sleuth-hound. He had discovered a peculiar mark in the shoe of the horse which Conrad rode, and as the day advanced, he did not find it necessary to dismount, but kept on at a quick pace, with his eyes on the ground. As he expected, the road they took turned aside at last into the deep swamp, which lay on either side of the river. He had been there before, and a half-mile ride brought him to the place where Carey had eluded his pursuit a few days previous. The ground was heavy in places, and wherever the horses' hoofs had fallen, it showed plainly the trail.

The road was gloomy. Heavy boughs hung close to his head, and the southern moss brushed him in the face as he passed. At times, the sudden sound of the terrapin, dropping from a log at his approach, or the sudden rush of a snake as it crossed his path, came to his ears. These were no new sights and sounds to him. He had studied nature, as it is written in the swamps, from his youth. He had no eye for the beauties or the rough aspects of the scene. All he saw was that hoof-print—all his thoughts were of the bloody revenge he would have for the death of his friends, Gabriel, Gilbert, and Lewis. But his deepest hate was reserved for Conrad. Carey was a scout, and, as such, Adams had for his rival a fellow-feeling, although the bullet which struck down Oney was meant for him. But Conrad was a gentleman—one of the South Carolina aristocrats, whom the low-born Jack despised. He did not follow Blakeley because of any love for him, but because he was on the English side.

The scout waded his horse across the bayou, and there found the hoof-prints growing many in number, and branching off in various directions. But, he could pick out the track he was following, even now, by dismounting, for it was the freshest track there. He leaped down and arranged his

halter so that he could lead his horse, and advanced briskly. For half an hour nothing was heard but his stealthy tread, as he stole on like a shadow, his eyes bent steadfastly on the earth. At the end of that time he tied his horse in a well-sheltered thicket, and advanced on foot, for he felt sure that the camp he sought could not be far away.

The caution he now used was wonderful. Not a leaf stirred, not a twig broke. He went forward stooping, carefully picking up and throwing aside every little twig and stick which might break under his foot. His patience received its reward, for a sound broke on his ear which told him that he was approaching a camp. It was the neighing of a horse. He stood erect, a smile of satisfaction illuminating his bronzed face. He knew where they must be camped. He had just arrived on the brink of the deeper swamp, where he was forced to step from tussock to tussock, to avoid the water lying between. The little hillocks were all indented by the tread of other feet, and he knew that he was approaching a small swamp island, used as a retreat at times by Marion and his men.

Turning abruptly to the right, so as to get away from the main trail, he approached the island from behind. He did not expect to find Marion there. He knew very well that the Swamp Fox was in another part of the swamp, but he was confident he should find either Peter Horry or his brother.

Nor was he disappointed. As he approached the camp from behind, he found himself safe from the view of the partisans by a fringe of low bushes. Lying prostrate behind these, he advanced on his belly, like a snake, until the sound of voices very near at hand warned him to desist.

A spy not used to his business would have pushed aside the branches to get a view of the camp. Jack Adams knew better, and with untiring patience picked away leaf after leaf until he could see the interior.

In all, there might have been thirty men in view, in every style of dress possible, though the greater portion of them wore common homespun hunting-shirts. Their arms were as remarkable in variety as their clothing. Long ducking-guns, common fowling-pieces, deer guns and rifles, and the old-fashioned regulation musket, were among the varieties. Some of

the men had hunting-knives, and some the common butcher knife, suspended at the sword-belt in a leathern sheath, or thrust naked into the belt or boot-leg. Some had pistols. Those who wore swords either were officers, whose weapons were unexceptionable, or the hard riders of Marion, bearing the famous saw-mill swords, "not pretty to look at," Carey used to say, "but reckoned to cut a man down to the brisket every time." This band was that of Peter Horry, the stuttering friend of Francis Marion.

Peeping through the leaves, Jack saw two men seated on a log, not a rod away. His hand dropped to the hilt of his pistol; one of them was Conrad. The other was a hearty, florid-looking fellow, in the uniform cap of a colonial colonel, though his uniform was not the best in the world. But, that world is always deceived by ornament, and this rough and ready genius was that tried and true friend of liberty, "stuttering Peter." The two were conversing eagerly. The spy felt his fingers itch to revenge, in the person of James Conrad, the death of the four friends at the Eston manor, and then take his chances of escape, which he knew would be slim. But, he was on duty, and duty must always take the place of any other feeling, in the heart of a good soldier. He meant to return to Gainor, tell him where the partisans were camped, and then think of revenge. He wormed himself closer, desirous of hearing what they were saying, hoping to pick up some scraps of information useful to his superiors.

"I-I-I s-s-say!" said "stuttering Peter," who was in a state of great excitement, at which times to speak without stuttering was a physical impossibility, "c-c-curse such rascals!"

"Don't get excited, colonel," said Conrad. "We punished them severely. Three out of five were left dead on the floor, and one of the others carried a mark with him which he will bear to the grave. And I am inclined to the opinion that he will die of it."

"W-w-w-which one was it?"

"One of the Halls. That rascal Adams managed to escape. I would give a hundred guineas to be sure he was dead. To Gainor, and men of that class, Adams is indispensable. He pries into the politics of the families along the border, and if they turn out to be Whigs, woe to them."

waits for us. Your information will determine him to attack Gainer this very night. I think he has been a blight and a terror to this section too long already. Ha! What is that?"

The exclamation was elicited by the report of a pistol near them. The report was the result of an accident. Jack Adams, in drawing himself backward to retreat, had caught the lock of a pistol in his belt on a projecting root, and it had gone off. Seeing that he would be discovered, he jerked out the other pistol and fired at Conrad. The ball cut a furrow along the side of his neck, raising the flesh as the lash of a whip would have done. Both the officers leaped toward the place where the Tory lay, so quickly that he could not escape. He sprung up, snarling like a wolf at bay, and drew a murderous-looking knife, backing against a large sycamore at the same time.

"Keep back," he said.

"Nonsense," said Conrad, advancing as he spoke. "You should not order away your friends in that manner, Jack. It is very absurd."

The vicious look which the Tory gave him made him pause and draw his sword.

"You killed them," said the Tory. "*You!*"

"Who do you mean, my boy?"

"Gill and Oney and Gabe Hall, and young Lew Hurton."

"Did our friend Gabriel depart also?" said Conrad. "I am happy to say I did aid in the demise of those cutthroats. What of it?"

"I am going to kill you for it."

"Thank you," replied the major. "I don't think I'll trouble you."

As he spoke, the villain sprung at him suddenly, while the point of his sword was lowered. He threw it up as quickly as he could, just in time to avert a vicious blow of the long knife. As the scout stumbled from the force of the stroke, Horry dealt him a blow with his fist, which stretched him senseless on the sod. When he regained his senses he was securely bound, and Sam Carey sat near him on a log, with a pistol in his hand, regarding him in a quizzical manner.

"Caught ye napping that time, old boy," said he. "I reckon this is the end of *yer* rope."

"You may bet it ain't, hoss," replied Jack. "I've a good while to run yit."

"I'm glad ye think so. Do ye know what Gainor would hev done with me, ef he had caught me that night in his camp?"

"How ken I tell?"

"Ye know thet's a *lie*, old man," said Carey; "and it don't look well in a man of yer eddication. Ye know he'd a strung me up to ther fust tree, at 'arly mornin'. Don't ye, now?"

"He *mought*," said Jack. "I don't pertend to be l'arned."

"Don't be a fool, Jack. Ye know, jist as well as I kin tell ye, thet yer in a bad scrape, and thet if Horry is minded to hang ye, he kin do it by the law of war."

"But, I ain't done nothin', Sam. Don't be too hard on a chap."

"Ye ain't done nothin'!" cried Sam, with great heat. "What ar' ye talkin' about, say? Did ye fire a pistol at the major, and raise a welt on the side of his neck as big as a mule-whip, or didn't ye? Thet's what I want to know?"

"I mought," said Jack. "You see, I'm hot-blooded. I didn't rightly know thet I hed the pistol in my hand, and I reckon she went off of her own accord. Now I ask you *fair*, ain't Major Conrad done enough to 'arn a shot from me? Tell the truth, now, and nothin' but it. Don't you think so?"

"Didn't ye git yer shot? Thet's all right, thet is. Ye got floored after it. That was yer luck, and can't be helped. Take it coolly, old man, and ef ye *know* any *prayers*—which I *don't* think—I'd advise ye ter say them."

"But, see *here*, Sam. Ain't it rather hard? I only ask you *fair*; ain't it kinder hard fer me ter be cut off that way, before you and I hed a chance for a good, square fight, to see which of us is the better man? It kinder throws things out of gear, so to speak. Don't you think ef yer was to cut these cords so that I could make a run of it, 'twould be a good thing?"

"Can't say that I *do*," said Sam, with great candor. "I

allers meant ter hev a fight with ye, *sometime*. But, ef Providence hez got it fixed fer ye to hang, why, hang ye must, and it ain't fer me ter fight agin' it."

Jack began to be seriously alarmed for the first time, for he had more than half believed that it was the intention of the scout to frighten him. But, Carey was too earnest in his answers for the prisoner to doubt the fate in store for him.

"But, Carey," said he, in a pleading tone, "what did Conrad say about it? Have they agreed to hang me, anyhow? They'd better not. Gainer will hang every man of yours he takes after it, ef ye do. Pshaw! Yer only foolin'. You want ter scare an old hand, thet's all."

Carey said nothing, but sat with an immovable face, whistling.

"Come, old fellow, this yer is past a joke, you see. 'Tain't fair not to answer. What does the officers say about it?"

"I ain't an officer," was the short reply. "They ain't agoin' ter tell *me*. Don't trouble yerself. Soon enough ye will hear of it, I'm thinkin'. They'r a-talkin' over thar about it now. But don't ye git the idee they'r goin' to let ye off. The men wouldn't stand it, even ef Horry wanted it, which he don't, by a hornfull."

"That's it," said Jack. "Why couldn't some one else except stuttering Pete have ketched me? Yer laughing at me. Come. Hev yer joke out, do, and tell me what you think."

"I've told ye," said Carey. "Don't talk to me no more about it. I've heard enough, I hev. The officers will come back in a minnit, and then it'll be known."

Jack remained silent for a moment, but the idea of waiting for his death sentence in that manner was too much. The man had been near death many times, but that was in the heat of battle, and the danger was not felt as now. To lie there, knowing that, a few paces away, four men were calmly deciding his fate, was too hard. He broke out again:

"See here, Sam Carey, I'll make you sweat fer this, some day. It's all yer fault. You'd better let me go."

"I ain't quite a fool yit," replied Sam. "Shet up, will ye?" He toyed with his pistol ominously.

"Perhaps ye don't think I kin git away from these hitches. Well, I *kin*. I've got a secret that'll buy my life every time. So take car' what ye do, ef ye don't want to get into trouble."

Carey thrust the pistol into his belt, took out his knife and began to whittle and whistle. This maddened the prisoner, and he burst into a flood of vehement abuse, to which Carey listened, pleasant as a summer morning, and never ceasing the tune he was whistling. It was the *Rogue's March*! Jack by turns insulted and flattered, threatened and prayed, receiving no answer. At last the patience of Carey was exhausted.

"See here, Jack. Shet yer mouth this minnit or I'll gag ye."

This threat had the desired effect. For a little time Jack desisted, but, before many minutes, the fit to talk came upon him, and Sam was rising to carry his threat into execution, when he saw the council of officers break up, and walk toward him.

"Here they come," he said.

"The officers!" cried Jack. "Lift me up so't I kin sit with my back against the log. I want to be whar I kin talk."

"Don't use yer tongue too much while Pete Horry is round, or ye may chance to lose it," said Carey. "Thar; I'll make ye as comfutable as I kin."

He lifted the recumbent figure of the spy, and propped him up with his back against the log on which he had been sitting. The officers came up quickly, the major a little in advance. An expression of the deepest determination rested upon his firm face.

CHAPTER IX.

ADAMS AS A MAN.

PERHAPS the spy read his danger in that look. He knew only too well the fate he had incurred by coming to the camp. Fully understanding the implacable nature of the hatred of Whig and Tory, he knew that one of the former, in his situation, would have received little mercy at his hands. But man loves life, and he waited for his sentence with a frightened expression.

"Jack Adams," said Conrad, "you are a man born upon Carolina soil, and you have been a persistent foe to liberty. Caught in the act of spying about our camp, you are liable to death as a spy. Can you give us any reason why we should not hang you as such?"

"A spy, major! Not quite so bad as that, I hope."

"Silence on that point. The proof is too clear to admit of a cavil or a doubt. We have not considered that at all, but simply whether there are any reasons why you should not die at once. We can find none."

"But, look here, major. I allow I've been a bad man. Tain't no use to deny that. I've fought for the red-coats cause I thought I orter. But it's hard to die for it."

"In taking upon yourself the office of a spy, you also incurred its penalties, sir. Listen to your sentence. You will have fifteen minutes' grace. At the end of that time you will be hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may the Lord in His infinite mercy pardon your sinful soul."

This solemn address nearly maddened the poor wretch. He writhed about in his bonds and fell prostrate at the feet of the stern advocate. Though deeply moved, there was nothing in the face of the young man which showed it. He knew the unscrupulous nature of the man who begged for mercy. He had heard how the women of the Whigs, falling at his feet, had prayed as he was praying, for the lives of fathers and brothers, and been sternly denied.

The passion of the condemned was fearful. For ten minutes he made the air vocal with cries, threats, prayers, so strangely intermingled that one could hardly be distinguished from the other. But Conrad stood with a watch in his hand, noting the time.

"Five minutes more," he said. "You will do well to get ready the rope, Sergeant Carey."

The scout walked away to execute the mission, and the Tory was convinced that his time had come. He immediately became quiet.

"Have your own way," he said, coolly. "Get the murder done as soon as you can. But, if spirits hev power to come back from the place I'm goin' to, I'll haunt you all."

The officers smiled at this puerile threat, but the men trembled. They were superstitious to a fault. It was in their education to believe that the man would fulfill his threat.

"Time is up," said Conrad. "Now, boys, cut the rope on his feet. Lift him up. Hold him for a minute. He can't stand. Carey, put a close hitch on him."

The men obeyed the order. The moment Jack felt the blood flowing back into his limbs, he made an agile spring and cleared himself from the circle of his enemies, and plied his powers in an attempt to escape. But, Conrad was on his shoulders before he had made a dozen leaps, and bore him, blaspheming heaven and earth, to the ground. He was dragged back into the circle, and a rope adjusted about his neck. He stood there, panting from his fierce effort to get clear, and making the air ring with useless threats. He asked mercy no longer, and they dragged him under the cypress-boughs. One of the men climbed the tree, passed the rope over a strong limb, and threw it down to those below. Half a dozen strong hands seized it. Even those who feared that his ghost would come back to haunt them were seemingly eager to see the wretch swing.

"Cease your idle threats and hideous profanity, man," said the young major. "Think upon your doom, and if you have no way in which to appeal to your God, at least die with pure lips."

He answered with another burst of oaths.

"Be silent," said Horry, "or you shall be gagged."

"Give me five minutes more," said Jack, suddenly lifting his head.

"You have it," said Horry, "if you make a good use of it."

For the five minutes which succeeded he remained with bent head. All the dreadful record of his ill-spent life rose before him. He saw it in all its hideous deformity, and a shudder passed through his powerful frame. He recognized the justice of his doom, and raised his head quickly.

"Up with me, boys," he said. "I'll never be in a better state than now. I'm sorry for what I've done, and if I had another life to live, mayhap I'd live it better. Good-by to you all."

The sudden change in the man took them by surprise. A moment before he was shocking them by his ruffianly manner, and now he was as quiet as a child, and ready to meet his doom like a man. The men who had been eager for a pull at the rope dropped it, and looked at their superior officers for orders.

"It must be done," said Horry. "S-s-s-sorry f-f-for it, too. Are you ready, Jack?"

"All ready," replied Jack.

"Say you don't die with hard feelings toward any man," said Conrad.

"I say it, and mean it," replied Jack. "I wish I'd felt as I do now all my life. I'd a been a better man, I guess."

"Do you want to be blindfolded?" asked the major.

"I reckon not," replied Jack. "I never was a coward. I can't think what got into me awhile ago. But, I was thinkin' to myself of what the major said, how't I was a man born an' bred on Carolina sile, an' how hard it was that a man who mought hev done so much for his own kentry sh'ud be found fightin' agin' it. I ought ter die."

"All ready," said Conrad, turning away his face. "Now!"

The men tugged away at the rope, and the body of Jack Adams was swinging in the air above their heads. A shrill whistle suddenly rung through the swamp, the peculiar waistle which the Swamp Fox had taught his men. Horry put his fingers to his mouth and answered it. At the same time he

was felled by the weight of a heavy body. The rope had broken under the great weight of Adams, and he had fallen to the earth heavily. The whistle was repeated, and answered by the men of Horry. They knew that their great leader was at hand. Some of them lifted up the insensible spy, and were about to replace the rope around his neck, when they were stopped by a gesture from Horry. Marion's men began to pour into the open space upon the island, guiding their steeds in the easy manner peculiar to southern horsemen. They were those of whom George Singleton sung :

"We follow where the Swamp Fox glides,
His friends and merry men are we ;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow 'neath the cypress tree.
The tufted hummock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den ;
Our roof the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

"We fly by day and shun its light,
But prompt to strike the sudden blow ;
We mount, and ride at early night,
To perish, or o'ercome the foe.
But soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes ;
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp—he dies !"

Such were the men who entered the swamp island, exact counterparts of the men of Horry, of all ages, of all nations, black and white, bond and free, bright-eyed and strong of limb—they were the men upon whom the fate of the nation rested. Horry and Conrad hurried to meet a slight man, who rode into camp among the first.

He was no son of Anak, as the British legends at this time were apt to make him, but "a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of homespun to cover his nakedness." And yet, this insignificant-looking personage was General Francis Marion, whose name was synonymous with courage and patriotism.

"Ha, my brave Peter," he said, in a cheerful tone, grasping the hand of the colonel, "how goes it? Major Conrad, your servant. I had expected to see you before this. What business have we on hand?"

"We had taken a spy," replied Horry, "and were hanging him when you came in. An accident happened him, or he would be in another world. The rope broke just as you came up."

"Who is he?"

"Jack Adams."

"Of Gainor's command?"

"Yes, General."

Marion was thoughtful for a moment.

"I wish the dog was a good Whig," he at length said. "Let him go out with Sam Carey, and there are not British enough in the Carolinas to catch our bands unawares, and we should know every British track before it is made."

"I believe we may have him if we choose," said Conrad, brightening.

"I must see him," said Marion.

The officers led the way to the place where Jack was sitting, supported by two men.

"This is hardly fair, major," said he. "It's like makin' a man die twice."

"Perhaps this accident may result for your good," replied Conrad. "Do you know this gentleman?"

"Yes," replied Jack. "That's Marion. I knowed he was comin'. Didn't I hear his whistle jest as you sent me up?"

"There's a scout for you," said Marion. "A man who is being run up to a swinging limb, with a rope about his neck, takes note of such a thing as that. He deserves to live. Take the rope from his neck a moment. Now listen to me, my lad. These officers are kinder than you deserve. If we were to let you go now, would you be a true Whig and join this band?"

"I'll tell you, Gineral. I wouldn't like to hev you think I'd jine you because I was 'fraid of dying, 'cause I ain't. But it come to me on a suddent like, that no man as is a man would fight agin' his own true kentry, as I hev done, no-how. I don't know how it is, but I'm Whig clear through. I don't ask you to trust me. But I do think, if so be I had the chance, I'd do heartier service for Congress than ever I've done for King George."

"Cut his cords," said Marion. "Stand up, my lad. You are a member of Marion's Brigade. Have you got a horse?"

"He's tied in the cypress, a little way from here. If one of the men will go with me, I'll get him."

"No," said Marion, "I can't spare the man. Go alone."

"What?"

"Go alone," repeated Marion.

"Ain't thet a good ways to trust a Tory? I've been a hard one, mind."

"I know it. Go and get your horse."

Jack started away like a man dumbfounded. He could not understand. He had been saved from death, was a member of Marion's band, and was trusted already! If any man had told him when he entered the swamp, that he would come out a Whig, he would have struck him in the face. Marion watched him with an eagle eye as he walked slowly away. Carey took up his rifle and prepared to follow. Jack was not so far away but he saw the motion, and heard Marion say:

"Where are you going, Sergeant Carey?"

"I'm goin' ter watch thet yer Adams," said Sam.

"Stay here," said Marion.

"Eh!"

"Stay here. I will not have him watched."

"All right, Ginerel." And then he walked away, muttering, "And if he ever comes back I'll eat my moccasins."

Every one awaited the return of the new recruit anxiously enough except Marion. His judgment was rarely at fault, and he thought he could read a thorough convert in the face of Adams. If there was any lingering doubt in the mind of the latter, the last evidence of faith in him completed the conversion. He walked resolutely to the place where his horse was tied, unfastened him, mounted, and rode back to the island, and reported himself as ready for duty.

"You will be in Captain McIlroy's company," said Marion. "Report to him for duty. You will often be needed as a scout. I hope you will wipe out your former bad record. Good-day."

Jack Adams turned to go away, but came back and dropped at the feet of the great partisan, and grasped his hand.

"You've trusted me," he said. "See whether or not I am true."

Marion was much moved. He stooped and raised the man to his feet.

"Trust you!" he said. "Of course I do. And I am mistaken in human nature if you give me any reason to repent what I have done."

"You never shall repent it," said Jack, fervently. "I thank you for what you have done."

"That is not necessary. I get a good recruit by the operation. Go to your duty."

Jack went away, followed by the eyes of the men, who greatly wondered at what had transpired. He picketed his horse, and coming back, sat down on a log, apart from the rest, thinking over the events of the day. After sitting some time, wrapped in thought, he was roused by a slight cough, and looking up, saw Carey sitting a little way off, composedly whittling at a cypress twig.

"Hullo!" said Carey.

"How are you, Sam?" said Jack.

"'Pears kind o' strange to ye, don't it now?" said Carey. "How do ye like it, fur as ye've got?"

"First chop," said Jack. "It was a close shave fur me though."

"Close! I shu'd think so. Ef that durned rope hadn't broke, ye'd never hev been one of Marion's men. Durned queer, anyhow. Say, how did ye feel when we were hangin' ye?"

"Sort o' queer," replied Jack. "Did ye ever whirl round on yer heel till you got dizzy? Wal, that's about the way I felt after a gulp or two. I don't want it to do over ag'in, anyhow. It's no joke, mind."

"I shu'd say not. It's what they'll give ye if Gainor or Blakeley git thar claws on ye."

"Thet's so. I reckon I'll hev to take my chances 'long ov the rest. Mebbe they'll ketch me. I don't think it, though."

"Yer a downy one, Jack," said Carey. "What a pleasure it'll be when we two go out on a scout together. Now tell me, as man to man, do you mean to stick by us through thick and thin, no backin' down?"

"You may bet I do," said Jack.

"Shake!" said Carey, putting out his hand. "We'll go on a scout to-morrer, and I guess we'll shake the rags off Gainor to-night."

"Good! I may as well git my hand in on him as anybody. Never liked Gainor much, anyhow. We'll make the land in the territory of Williamsburg too hot for him. Only, we must not let him git bold of us. To-night, did you say?"

"I reckon. Anyhow, we're goin' to ride som'ers, 'cause the Gincral never comes here unless he means business. It's no use tellin' you whar our main camp is. I doubt you know all about it. Anyhow, it's Snow Island, down between Lynch's Creek and the Pedee. He's come all the way from thar for a bu'st at Gainor."

"Then he'll hev it. I'll be in, too. Durned ef I don't feel more like a man then I hev fur a year or more. I told Gabe Hall I'd never rest till I'd been revenged on ye and the major fur his death. But thet's all taken out of my hands. Thar's the assembly. Let's go and see what's up."

CHAPTER X.

THE NIGHT STROKE AND THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE assembly which they heard, called the men to be ready to march in an hour, for a fight with the Tories. Marion did not tell them where he intended to go, but most of them guessed that it was a drive at the camp of Gainor. That it would be a desperate battle, they thought probable; but, that it would result in a victory to their arms, Marion's men were assured. Their confidence in their General was as great as it was deserved.

They marched at the appointed time, just as the sun was going down; broke through the last morass just at dark, and struck the level, hard ground beyond, holding their course by the side of the shining river. They knew the ground well. Most of them had fought over it through three years or more

of bloody border war. There was no blast of bugle or beat of drum. Marion's forte was not to meet the well-appointed forces of the enemy in open fight, but to surprise them, fall upon them suddenly, and cut them to pieces before they had recovered from their first alarm. The Tories knew how he fought, and their dread was that Marion would spring up from some secret place and attack them wherever they pitched their camp. He studied his plans of battle well, and knew how to fight as well as to hide.

That swamp fastness at Snow Island is immortal. It has a name and place in history. It is not our design to visit in these pages. Southerners know the spot and love it, as the haunt of one of our heroes. In most wars, the peculiar style of warfare of Marion would not have been regarded as fair. Gilmore Simms, in speaking of his habits, says: "His career as a partisan in the thickets and swamps of Carolina, is abundantly distinguished by the picturesque. But it was while he held his camp at Snow Island that it received its highest colors of romance. In this snug and impenetrable fortress, he reminds us very much of the feudal Baron of France and Germany, who, perched on castle eminence, looked down with the complacency of an eagle from his eyrie, and marked all below him for his own. The resemblance is good in all respects save one. The plea and justification of Marion is complete; his warfare was legitimate."

In making these midnight forays, Marion was guided by the opinions and information of his scouts, men who never deceived him; and in the present case, all he knew of the position of Gainor was taken from the experience of the alert Carey.

The band moved on at a brisk pace, until they saw the lights of the enemy gleaming by the side of the river. The foe slept in fancied security. Marion was reported far away, and Gainor confidently looked for the return of his scout, Jack Adams, bringing him full information of his foe's whereabouts, whom he was now, more than ever, determined to destroy, since he had been so insulted by Sam Carey.

Never for a moment did Gainor believe that Adams could be untrue to him, for there had been no man of his force more vigilant in hunting down and destroying the Whigs. But,

Captain Blakeley was not so sure of his man. They had never been the best friends, for Jack thought the captain too lenient to the enemies of the king, and upon one occasion had been severely punished for making a raid upon a homestead, the people of which had taken out a protection.

Blakeley came into the tent of Gainor, somewhat excited, and demanded to know how long they were to remain on Britton's Neck. "Because, if we are to stay here much longer," he said, "it would be as well to make at least a show of protecting the camp from assault."

Gainor had been drinking, and was not in good humor.

"Am I to understand, Captain Blakeley, that you question my ability to look after my own command?"

"In other words, that is a polite way of telling me to mind my own business? Very well, major; have your way. But you may take my word for it, that not many hours will pass before the Whigs will make you rue staying so long at Britton's Neck."

"There are not enough ragged Whigs in this district to scare me out of my position," said Gainor. "And I certainly do not mean to allow one of my officers to frighten me out of it by bluster."

"Many a man before your time, Major Gainor, has lost all by too much faith in himself, and refusing to take good advice. But, I say no more."

"Perhaps it is quite as well for you that you do not," said Gainor, angrily. "For, by the Eternal, if you do not be careful, I will put you under arrest."

"Major Gainor, these words demand satisfaction. I will thank you to name your time, place and weapons."

"I will not be forced into a quarrel by one of my subordinates," vociferated the superior officer, who had no wish to fight the strong-limbed young Southerner. "And your course in threatening me, while under my orders, will likewise require explanation. I have half a mind to call in a squad of men and put you under guard. But you have done good service in the cause of the king, and I consent to overlook this transgression, so that it does not occur again."

The eyes of the young man flashed fire, and he came closer to the major.

"Would you not like a good excuse to lay me by the heels, major? You know you outrank me."

"No; I want no such excuse," replied Gainor.

"Perhaps you are averse to fighting without good reason. I think I can furnish that. Would you like to have me do it?"

"Take care, Captain Blakeley," muttered the major, warningly. "You may go too far."

"Oh, no, major. I am sure you want an excuse. Take that, then!"

He struck him in the face with his open hand so sharply that the officer fell to the sod, from which he sprung again, fairly foaming with rage, and rushed at his enemy. But, seeing that he had drawn his sword, he shouted for the guard, who entered at the word.

"Secure that man," he cried. "Upon peril of your lives, see that he does not escape."

The men advanced to seize him, when a sudden report of arms from without made them pause in dismay. The report was followed by a rush of horses, shouts, groans and the clashing of swords, mingled with cries of "Down with them!" "Marion's men! Marion's men!" "Death to all Tories!"

The royalists knew that ringing war-cry only too well. Marion was at hand. The surprise was complete. The Tories had hardly gone through the formula of placing a guard, and these had quietly gone to sleep on their several posts, being sure that no danger was at hand. Most of these had started up only to feel the edge of the broadsword, and sink down with cloven skulls. No mercy was asked or given. Cruel wrong on one side, the knowledge that they deserved no mercy on the other, all combined to make mercy something unthought of. The band had divided into two portions in falling on the camp, and rushed in together. At the first alarm, Major Gainor signaled his men to leave the captain alone.

"Forget what has passed!" he said. "Follow me."

They rushed out together. All was hopeless confusion. In the darkness, Tory grappled Tory by the throat, and they fell, locked in a deadly embrace, while through and through the broken ranks rode the horsemen of the swamp, striking right and left. A single glance convinced Blakeley that all was lost.

His men were banded together and fighting hard, for he had been careful with his guards. If the attack had come upon that side, the English would have been found on the alert. Jack Adams knew this, and gave Conrad a hint to deploy to the left, and thus avoid them. This had left Blakeley's men unbroken, and when he got to them he found about twenty in the saddle, his own orderly holding his horse. He sprung to his place and looked back at the men, giving the stern command, "Draw sabers; charge!" They fell upon the scattered force of Marion like a thunderbolt, broke through them, and were away as fast as the spurs could urge their horses on.

"F-f-f-f-fire!" shouted Horry, as he saw them go. "Shoot! They'll be in *Georgetown* before I can say it! After them, Major Conrad! The best men of all are getting clear, Blakeley's!"

Major Conrad needed no second bidding, and was off like a meteor, followed by his men, who had been kept well together in the charge. Jack Adams and Carey were among the number. A "specially prepared Whig," Horry called Adams. He had fought like a tiger, conscious that the quiet little man in homespun had his eye on him, approving his deeds. Sam Carey reached out his hand as they started in the chase after Blakeley, saying:

"Shake on *that*, old man. Yer doin' well."

Without slacking their speed in the least, they shook hands. They were close on the heels of the flying Tories. The walls of the Eston manor gleamed white in the moon-rays. The Tories turned up the avenue, seeing that they could not escape, and broke into the house. By the time Conrad reached the gate they had converted the house into a fortress.

"Bad luck!" said Carey. "It will be a fight, I reckon. The captain is mighty mad."

The noise of the combat had aroused Maud from her slumbers. The hints she had received from her lover led her to anticipate the attack, and by the same token she knew that he was in the fight. Britton's Neck, the scene of the struggle, was hardly two miles away, and every sound came plainly to the ear in the clear night. At the rapid beat of hoofs, she sprung to the window, just as the Tories came pouring into the yard.

There was no time to save their horses, so the flying squadron turned them loose and rushed into the house by doors and windows, barring every thing behind them when all had entered. It was a strange spectacle. Maud had lighted the hall-lamps, and they shone on the rough, bearded band, with powder and blood upon their faces, and swords gleaming in their hands. Upon Egbert Blakeley, pale, determined, ready to fight to the last; upon Maud, frightened at the inroad, with disheveled hair, and negligent attire, but looking beautiful through all.

"What does this mean, Egbert?" she demanded. "Why are you here?"

"Through no fault of ours, my dear girl," said Egbert. "Your Whig friends drove us here."

"Is it possible the ragged rascals, whom Gainor despises so much, have made you run?"

"Be careful, Maud. The temper of my men is not very even. As a friend, I would advise you not to say that too loud. The enemy are close at our heels."

"Why did you come here?"

"It seemed the most convenient asylum," replied Egbert. "These walls are strong, and with determined men behind them, will withstand any thing except artillery, and that I know your friends lack. Curse them! They shall pay for us before they take us."

"Where are the rest of your men?"

"Dead, wounded and missing. That is the way it will read in the reports. I warned Gainor, five minutes before the affray, that his guards were too loosely placed, and he objected to my interference. I hope he is satisfied now. There they are! Fire at them, Bates, as a warning not to come too near the house."

A rifle cracked, and the men of Conrad, who were advancing cautiously, stopped for orders. Five minutes after, the voice of Conrad was heard, asking for a truce.

"For what purpose?"

"For a parley with you, Captain Blakeley."

"It is granted," said Blakeley. "Keep your men back, and I will meet you on the veranda. Do you give your word that no hostilities shall be commenced without warning?"

"Yes," said Conrad. "Do you also?"

"I do."

"Fall back!" cried Conrad to his men.

They dropped out of sight, and the step of Conrad was heard on the veranda. Blakeley stepped out of the low window, and joined him, bringing a small lamp, which he placed on the rail of the porch. Conrad could but admire his bold bearing, though they were deadly enemies.

"It is useless for me to say that you have not the advantage of us," said the young Tory. "You are two to our one; but there are some things to be said in *our* favor as well. We have the house for a fortress, and are desperate men."

"What good end can longer resistance effect, Captain Blakeley?" said Conrad. "There has been blood enough shed to-night without adding a single drop more. To be sure, you might kill a few of my men; but, we should beat you in the end, and not one of you would be left to tell the tale."

"True, my dear major. Our men are very injudicious when their blood is up. If we give up now, quietly, I suppose our lives would be safe?"

"Undoubtedly."

"No terms?"

"The officers shall have their side-arms—nothing more."

"And if we refuse?"

"We will have you out at any rate. I have men enough for that, and Marion will be here in half an hour. He is on his road to his lair. The Swamp Fox, you know, always seeks his den after a rush into a Tory camp."

"My men are angry, major, and on the whole I believe we will fight this out, unless you are willing to parole us now."

"Nothing of the kind," said Conrad, sharply. "I am somewhat astonished that you have the assurance to ask it. Speak quickly. Morning is coming, and we have no time to waste. Do you surrender?"

"No!"

"Then we must fight. But, one thing more: it is needless cruelty to keep the ladies in the house during the fight. Allow them to pass out; we will take charge of them."

"Thanks, major," said Egbert, "I have thought of that."

On the whole, I believe I will keep them myself. A sort of safeguard, you know. You will be a little careful how you fire, when you know that the ladies, Maud especially, are in danger."

"You will not dare to expose them to death?" said Conrad.

"Dare! We will see about *that*! I am a very good sort of fellow, in my way; but Miss Maud has not used me or her tongue well, and I am not very particular as to her safety."

"I thought you a gentleman until this hour, Egbert Blakeley. But, I know you now for a black-hearted villain," cried the Whig.

"That's right, major. The light is not very good, but good enough to settle a little affair of *this* kind. Won't you draw your sword and fight it out?"

"I can not fight you until I have done my duty to Marion's Brigade. That over, I am for you, you base-hearted scoundrel."

"Duty! Bah! A good plea for a coward! Go back to your men, and fight the battle out behind their swords. It is worthy of *your* pluck and honor."

At the foul word coward, the blade of Conrad seemed to leap from the scabbard of itself. Blakeley was equally ready, but Carey cried out to the major that Marion was sounding the recall.

"No time is left for a duel," said he. "Get into the house and prepare to defend it. Three minutes only I will allow you."

"I thought your courage would fail at the sight of a steel blade," sneered Egbert.

"Be as ready with your sword as with your tongue, when we cross yonder threshold, and you will fight a good battle," said Conrad. "We will fight there. You are a good fighter with the first weapon; beware how you use the second."

He sprung from the veranda. The gray light of morning began to show itself in the distant east. The partisans scattered in every direction and surrounded the mansion. Not a shot was fired; but their pistols were ready for the close encounter. At a given signal they charged up to the house

and obtained a lodgment under the walls and upon the veranda in several places. Axes sounded at the doors and windows; they trembled, rattled, and at last the heavy hall-door fell with a crash, and not a shot had been fired at the house. Conrad had ordered his men to withhold their fire, fearing for the female inmates of the place. Blakeley was in a rage. The safeguard he had chosen was of no avail. The strong arms of the axmen had nullified his defenses. He shouted aloud to the attacking party to fire, only to elicit derisive laughter. But, the time was at hand. The door was down, and over it poured the Whigs, eager for the hand-to-hand fray. One dreadful volley swept through their ranks with direful effect, and then came the clash of steel and the shock of desperate men. Once before, Maud Eston had seen that hall reddened with blood; once before she had seen James Conrad in battle; but never had he seemed so heroic as now, when he led his men over that shattered doorway, shaking his blade in the air.

"There he is," cried Blakeley. "You shall see him die before your eyes. Maud, you have despised me, heaped insult upon my head. Behold the punishment!"

He leaped forward to meet his enemy. James was nothing loth, and they met in the middle of the hall. All was confusion on every hand. Whig and Tory joined in a death-grapple, and fell, each tearing at the other's throat. Blood flowed freely; teeth were hard set; breaths came hard; men groaned and died, while the young rivals fought on, heedless of all else. They were conscious that the one they loved best on earth watched the varying fortunes of the battle, praying for the success of one, and yet fearing to see the other fall. Even she could see that Blakeley was more than a match for Conrad in skill, while the superior strength of James bade fair to win if he could prolong the contest. Both were fighting hard, when James felt his foot slide from under him, as he stepped in the blood of a fallen man. The blade of Blakeley was at his throat, a cry of horror welled up from the lips of Maud, a fiendish light gleamed in the eyes of the young Tory. His revenge was within his grasp, and as he drew back his arm to give impetus to the stroke, he felt a blade push aside his own, so that the point, instead of

entering the breast of Conrad, passed over his shoulders. He turned in a rage, and saw Jack Adams.

"You!" he half shrieked. "Do you dare to strike at me, traitor?"

"Striking in the right cause now, captain. I'm a Whig, now, body and bones."

"Take that!" cried the Tory.

The thrust which followed the words was so sudden that Jack could not avoid it. It pierced his brown breast, and he sunk to the floor. Conrad felled Egbert with a blow on the head before he could recover from the force of his thrust at Adams' breast.

The battle was over. All the Tories were either dead or prisoners. Jack Adams was dying; the wound was past all cure. They raised him up, and carried him into the little parlor on the right of the hall. James supported his head, while "the doctor," a man with some skill in surgery, attached to the troop, examined the wound.

"Give him some spirits," said he. "He can't be saved."

"I knew it," said Jack, feebly. "But don't think I am afraid to die. Yesterday, when they were stringing me up to the tree, death looked horrible; but now I'm dyin' from wounds I took fightin' fer the old State, dear old Car'lina! I'm ready to go."

"It's hard," said Carey. "We never hed a single scout in company. It's the meanest thing I ever heard of."

"Ar' ye thar, old boy?" said Jack. "We've been enemies, and fou't hard. I reckon we'd a been jest as good friends. I'm glad I had a chance ter git in one blow, anyhow. Thar, I'm goin'. I was mighty bad to you, Miss Maud. I hope you'll forgive it. I'm sorry now."

"Oh, poor fellow, poor fellow," sobbed Maud. "Of course I pardon you. Don't think of it."

"I'm obleeged, I'm sure. Good-by, boys. It's gettin' dark, ain't it?"

"No," said Carey. "The mornin' is a-comin' bright."

"I shan't see it, then. Lay me down; I'm mighty tired."

For a moment he lay silent, a smile upon his hard face. Then, with an effort, he sprung up, waved his hand above

PEACE.

his head, cried, "Hurrah for Marion's men!" fell back and was dead.

They buried all who fell, in a corner of the plantation, where the grass grew green in summer weather. Rebel and Tory, they were at rest.

James Conrad rejoined the brigade, and did good work in the cause of freedom. Always at his side in danger, rode Sam Carey, the prince of scouts; and when the war-drum was silent, and the flags were furled in peace, they came home to reap the reward of victory.

Sam was at Conrad's wedding, looking very sad for a little time, as he thought of the wife he had lost.

The British were gone, and so was Egbert Blakeley. He had sold his plantation, and bought property at Bermuda, to which he removed. Maud never heard or cared to hear of him again. Happy in Conrad's love, she lived long, beloved of all. The small folks were never more pleased than when, sitting on Sam Carey's knee, he told them tales of the days when he rode with the men of the swamp.

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PREFACE. OF THE EVANGELICAL. In combination; how to avoid them. Special rules and observations.

CH. II. THE ART OF ORATORY.—Sheridan's List of the Passions. Tranquillity, Cheerfulness, Mirth, Raillery, Buffonery, Joy, Delight, Gravity, Inquiry, Attention, Modesty, Perplexity, Pity, Grief, Melancholy, Despair, Fear, Shame, Remorse, Courage, Boasting, Pride, Ostentatious, Authority, Commanding, Forbidding, Attributing, Denying, Differing, Agreeing, Exhorting, Judging, Approving, Acquitting, Condemning, Teaching, Pardoning, Arguing, Dismissing, Refusing, Granting, Dependence, Veneration, Hope, Desire, Love, Respect, Gilding, Wonder, Admiration, Gratitude, Curiosity, Persuasion, Tempting, Promising, Seduction, Sloth, Intoxication, Anger, etc.

SEC. III. THE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF ORATION.—Rules of Composition as applied to Words and Phrases, viz.: Purity, Propriety, Precision. As applied to Sentences, viz.: Length of Sentence, Clearness, Unity, Strength, Figures of Speech; the Exordium, the Narration, the Proposition, the Confirmation, the Refutation, the Peroration.

SEC. IV. REPRESENTATIVE EXERCISES IN PROSE AND VERSE.—Transition; A Plea for the O. Palstaff's Soliloquy on Honor; the Burial of Lincoln; the Call and Response; the Bayonet Charge; History of a Life; the Bugle; the Bell; Byron; Macbeth and the Dagger; Hamlet's Soliloquy; Old Things; Look Upward; King William Rufus; the Eve; at Eton into Musk; Discoveries of Galileo.

SEC. V. OBSERVATIONS OF GOOD AUGUSTINE

Dime School Series--Speakers.

DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER, No. 6.

A sad story,	How the money goes,	Poetry run mad,	The sea-serpent,
A string of onions,	Hun-ki-do-ni's fourth of July oration,	Right names,	The secret,
A tragic story,	July oration,	Scientific lectures,	The shoemaker,
Cats,	If you mean no, say no,	The ager,	The useful doctor,
Courtship,	Jo Bows on leap year,	The cockney,	The waterfall,
Debt,	Lay of the hen-pecked,	The courtier,	To the bachelors' union
Devils,	Lot Sainner's elegy,	Fate of Sergeant Thin,	league,
Dow, jr.'s lectures,	Matrimony,	The features' quarrel,	United States Presidents
Ego and echo,	Nothing to do,	Hammerian vouchhuck,	Vagaries of popping the
Unlounable women,	Old Caudle's umbrella,	The harp of a thousand	question,
Unlounable women,	Old Grimes' son,	strings,	What I wouldn't be,
Unlounable women,	"Paddle your own canoe,"	The last of the serpents,	Yankee doodle Ah!
Unlounable women,	Parody on "Araby's Daughter,"	The march to Moscow,	Ze Moskeetare,
Unlounable women,		The mysterious guest,	1933.
Unlounable women,		The pump,	

DIME STANDARD SPEAKER, No. 7.

The world we live in,	The power of an idea,	The two lives,	The Bible,
Woman's claims,	The beneficence of the	The true scholar,	The purse and the sword
Authors of our liberty,	Suffrage,	Judges not infallible,	My country,
The real conqueror,	Dream of the revelers,	Fanaticism, [crime,	True moral courage,
The citizen's heritage,	How Cyrus laid the cable	Instability of successful	What is war,
Italy,	The prettiest hand.	Agriculture,	Butter,
The mechanic,	Paradoxical,	Ireland, [quer,	My Deborah Lee,
Nature & Nature's God,	Little Jerry, the miller,	The people always con-	The race,
The modern good, [sun,	The neck,	Music of labor,	The pin and needle,
Ocean's address to the	Foggy thoughts,	Prussia and Austria,	The modern Puritan,
Independence bell--1777,	The ladies' man,	Wishing,	Immortality of the soul,
John Burns, Gettysburg,	Life,	The Blarney stone,	Occupation,
No sect in heaven,	The idler,	The student of Bonn,	Heroism and daring,
Miss Prude's tea-party,	The unbeliever,	The broken household,	A shot at the decanter,

DIME STUMP SPEAKER, No. 8.

Hon. J. M. Stubbs' Views	Good-nature a blessing,	America, [fallacy,	Temptations of cities,
on the situation,	Sermon from hard shell	"Right of secession," A	Broken resolutions,
Hans Schwackheimer on	Tail-enders, [Baptist,	Life's sunset,	There is no death,
woman's suffrage,	The value of money,	Human nature,	Races,
All for a nomination,	Meteoric disquisition,	Lawyers,	A fruitful discourse,
Old ocean, [sea,	Be sure you are right,	Wrongs of the Indians,	A Frenchman's dinner,
The sea, the sea the open	Be of good cheer,	Appeal in behalf of Am.	Unjust national acquit'n,
The star bangled spanner	Crabbed folks, [shrew,	Miseries of war, [liberty	The amateur coachman,
Stay where you belong,	Taming a mace a line	A Lay Sermon,	The cold-water man,
Life's what you make it,	Farmers, [country,	A dream,	Permanency of States,
Where's my money,	The true greatness of our	Astronomical,	Liberty of speech,
Speech from conscience,	N. England & the Union,	The moon, [sere	John Thompson's dau's
Man's relation to society	The unseen battle-field,	Duties of American citi	House cleaning,
The limits to happiness,	Plea for the Republic,	The man,	It is not your business

DIME JUVENILE SPEAKER, No. 9.

A boy's philosophy,	Playing ball,	How the raven became	Nothing to do,
Joe out your row,	Ah, why,	black,	Honesty best policy,
12-year-old's protest,	Live for something,	A mother's work,	Heaven,
The suicidal cat,	Lay of the hen-pecked,	The same,	Ho for the fields,
A valediction,	The outside dog,	Who rules,	Fashion on the brain,
Popping corn,	Wolf and lamb,	A sheep story,	On Shanghai,
The editor,	Lion in love,	A little correspondent,	A smile,
The same, in rhyme,	Frogs asking for a king,	One good turn deserves	Cassanarea,
The fairy shoemaker,	Sick lion,	My dream, [another,	Homeopathic soup,
What was learned,	Country and town mice,	Rain,	Nose and eyes,
Press on,	Man and woman,	I'll never use tobacco,	Malt, [see me
The horse,	Home,	A mosaic,	A hundred years to
The snake in the grass,	The Lotus-planter,	The old bachelor,	The madman and a
Tale of the tropics,	Little things,	Prayer to light,	Little sermons, [sere
Bromley's speech,	A Baby's soliloquy,	Little Jim,	Snuffles on electric
The same, second extract	Repentance,	Angelina's lament,	The two cradles,
The fisher's child,	A Plea for Eggs,	Johnny Shrimps on boats	The ocean storm,
Snakepearian scholar,	Humbug patriotism,	Mere,	Do thy little, do it well
A Maiden's psalm of life	Night after Christmas,	Choice of hours,	Little puss,
A mixture,	Short legs,	Poor Richard's savings,	Base ball, [sever,
Plea for shates,	Shrimps on amusements	Who killed Tom Hoyer,	Prescription for spring

Dime School Series—Speakers.

DIME SPREAD-EAGLE SPEAKER, No. 10.

Ben Bumer's oration,	Speaking for the sheriff,	Drum-head sermons,	Il Trovatore,
Hans Von Splegal's 4th,	Daking a shweat,	Schnitzerl's philosopede,	Kissing in the street,
Josh Billings' advice,	Then and now,	"Woman's rights,"	Scandalous,
A hard-shell sermon,	Josh Billings' lecturing,	Luke Lathay,	Slightly mixed,
The boots,	Doctor DeBilator's ann't	The hog,	The office-seeker,
The squeezer,	Consignments,	Jack Spratt,	Old bachelors,
Noah and the devil,	Hard lives,	New England tragedy,	Woman,
A lover's luck,	Dan Bryant's speech,	The ancient bachelor,	The Niam Niam,
Hilalutin Adolphus,	A colored view,	Jacob Whittle's speech,	People will talk,
Digestion and Paradise,	Original Maud Muller,	Jerks prognosticates,	Swackbamer's ball,
Distinction's dl advant	Nobody,	A word with Snooks,	Who wouldn't be the
	[ages,	Sut Lovengood,	Don't depend on dad
La Bendibus,	Good advice,	A mule ride,	[zero. Music of labor,
Al noxious,	The itching palm,	Josh Billings on buz-	The American eagle

DIME DEBATER AND CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE, No. 11.

DEBATING SOCIETY.	Summary.	Preliminary organiza-	Miscellaneous.
Office and usefulness,	III.—CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE	tion,	Treatment of petitions
Formation of,	Ordinary meetings and	Permanent organiza-	The decorum of debate
Constitution of,	assemblies.	tion,	Hints to a chairman.
By-Laws of,	The organization,	The order of business,	IV.—DEBATER.
Rules of government,	Order of business and	Considering reports, pa-	Debate in full:
Local rules of order,	proceedings,	papers, etc.,	Which is the greatest
Local rules of debate,	The "Question." How	Of subsidiary motions,	benefit to his country
Subjects for discussion.	it can be treated,	The due order of con-	—the warrior, states
II.—HOW TO DEBATE.	The "Question." How	sidering questions,	man, or poet?
Why there are few good	to be considered,	Committees,	Debates in brief:
debaters,	Rights to the floor,	Objects of a committee,	I. Is the reading of
Prerequisites to orator-	Rights of a speaker as	Their powers,	works of fiction to be
ical success,	against the chair,	How named,	condemned?
The logic of debate,	Calling yeas and nays,	When not to sit,	II. Are lawyers a ben-
The rhetoric of debate,	Interrupting a vote,	Rules of order and pro-	efit or a curse to so-
Maxims to observe,	Organization of Delib-	cedure,	ciety?
The preliminary pre-	erative Bodies, Con-	How to report,	V.—QUOTATIONS AND
mise,	ventions, Annual or	The committee of the	PHRASES
Order of argument,	General Assemblies,	whole,	Latin.

DIME EXHIBITION SPEAKER, NO. 12.

The orator of the day.	The critical moment,	Gravelotte,	What was in the sky
The heathen Chinese,	The east and the west,	All hail!	A lecture,
The land we love,	Is there any money in it?	Emancipation of science,	What I wish.
Jim Bludso,	Are we a nation?	Spirit of forgiveness,	Good manners.
Be true to yourself,	Social science,	Amnesty and love,	A ballad of Lake Erie.
Ah Sin's reply,	Influence of liberty,	Beauty,	St. George,
A plea for smiles,	The patriot's choice,	Song of labor,	The Caucasian race
The Stanislaus scien-	The right of the people,	Manifest destiny,	A review of situ- tion.
tific society,	The crowning glory,	Let it alone!	Little Branches,
Free Italy,	The pumpkin,	Disconcerted candida-	Hans Dunderbuck sw ding.
Quay's alien ruler,	When you're down,	Maud Muller at	A victim of toothache.
The curse of one man	What England has done	Hans Breitman,	Story of the two.
power,	The right of neutrality,	What is true happiness,	A cold in the nose.
Be treaty of peace	The national flag,	The Irish of it. A pos-	M. u. c. o. Aut. v. l. o.
1914.	Our true future,	ody,	

DIME SCHOOL SPEAKER, No. 13

A ORATOR.	On keeping at it,	The dread secret,	The midnight tree
Little-ty's ball,	The treasures of the	Civil service reform,	The better view.
Be uncongenial to	deep,	The true gentleman,	Do thy little—do it well
restless,	Keep cool,	The tragic pa.	Joan forever,
Be for something,	The precious freight,	SABBATH SCHOOL PIONEERS	The heart,
Civil and religious lib	A sketch,	A cry for life,	The world,
erty.	The sword the true or-	The Sabbath,	Beautiful thoughts,
Second review of the	biter,	Gnarled lives,	A picture of life.
grand army,	Aristocracy,	A good life,	Be true to yourself
Dishonesty of politics,	Baron Glimalkin's death	To whom shall we give	young man,
The great summer,	Obed Snipkin,	thanks!	Time is passing,
Character and achieve-	A catastrophe,	Resolution,	The gospel of autumn.
ment,	Cheerfulness,	Never mind,	Speak not harshly,
"I can't,"	Mountains,	The Bible,	Courage,
"It might have been,"	The last lay of the Min-	Christianity our soul-	The eternal hymn.
can't it? a man when	stral,	wark,	Live for good,
down	The unlucky lovers,	The want of the hour	The silent omen

Dime School Series--Speakers.

DIME LUDICROUS SPEAKER, No. 14.

Courting, Higher, The closing year, The maniac's defense, The hen scratches, Ass and the violinist, Views of married life, Bachelors and flirts, Job's turkey, A hardshell sermon, My first knife, Or Loddery Dicket, A snail-ballad,	Woman's rights, What's the matter, Mrs. Jones' pirate, De goose, Touch of the sublime, Blooded Van Snootle, Blast against tobacco, Tobacco boys, Big g nuses, My first cigar, Terrible t'-tale, Silver wedding, A'rohehionon,	Unlucky, Queer people, Biting one's nose off, Golden rules, The singular man, Fourth of July oration, Cheer up, S'p' esteen, Buckwheat cakes, Twain's little boy, A word with you, A chemical lament, The candy-pulling,	Contentment, On courting, On laughing, The tanner boy, On wimmen's rights, The healer, The criminal lawyer, Ballad of Matilda Jan Water, The ballad of a baker God for something A moving sermon.
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KARL PRETZEL'S KOMIKAL SPEAKER, No. 15.

Shandal, Don'd been afraid, Gamboling, Indeinderance, Gretchen und me go oud Hape. Das ish vat it ish, "Dot musquiter," Loodle gal-enild' adream Dhere vas no crying, Loodle spredches, Pells, pells, The puzzled Dutchman,	Address to a school, His sphere, Translations from Esop. The treachery of Jones, Don't call a man a liar, Man. A lecture, Bu'st. A "dilalect," Simon Short's son Sam, Reckernumber der poor, Natural history views, The cart before the horse To see ourselves,	Sorrowful tale, The losers' society. It's the early bird, etc., Music, On lager beer, Caudle's wedding-day, Dot young viddow, The heat cow in peril, Frequent critters, In for the railroad, Song of the sink, Case of young Bangs,	The Illinois Assembly The cannibal man, Ishs Bagshaw, Pretzel as a soldier. The raccoon, My childhood, Schneider's ride, Boy suffrage, Gardening, He vas dhinkin'. Abner Jones' testimony By a money changer's.
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DIME YOUTH'S SPEAKER, No. 16.

A call to the field, To retailers, War, war to the death, Adjuration to duty, The crusader's appeal, A boy's testimony, I have drunk my last, The spirit-siren, Rum's mauiac, Life is what we make it, Taste not,	The evil beast, Help, The hardest lot of all, The curse of rum, The two dogs—a fable, The source of reform, The rum fiend, True law and false, In bad company, The only true nobility, The inebriate's end,	A drunken soliloquy, The work to do, To labor is to pray, The successful life, Better than gold, Seed time and harvest, Invocation to cold water Now, The great lesson to learn The toper's lament, God's liquor,	Value of life work, "Accept the situation," Died of whisky, A story with a moral, Breakers ahead, Ichabod Sly, Effects of intemperance, The whisky why is it, Local option, Be good to the body, Worth makes the man.
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THE DIME ELOQUENT SPEAKER, No. 17.

An adjuration, The kluge of business, Purity of speech, Parson Caldwell, Value of reputation, Has i that rocks world, Swelling manhood, Summer, Woman's love, The bricklayers, Words of silver, Drive on! drive on! The treap, The State immortal,	The moral factor, Walking with the world The only safety, Knowledge, Be careful what you say Stand by the consti't'n, A true friend, The mocking bird, The want of the country The value of virtue. She would be a matron, Evils of ignorance, The use of time, Come down,	Anatomical lecture, Minnetunkes, The printing press, The Sabbath, Busybodies, Anatomical lecture 2, A blow in the dark, The specter caravan, The true saviors, True fame, Something to shun, Plea for Ireland, Smile where'er you can, The wood of stars,	A thought, The housemaid, The goblin cat, Aristocrats, The knightly newsboy, A call to vote, The modern fraud, Running for leg'slaturs To a young man, Heads, The new dispensation, Turning the grinder Short sermon.
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THE DIME CENTENNIAL SPEAKER, No. 18.

Columbia, Washington, Appeal for liberty, The American hero, Resistance to oppression Patriotism, Green Mountain boys, Eloquence of Otis, Washington, America must be free, Freedom the only hope, Day of disenthralment, No alternative but lib'y Carmen bellicosum, Sword of Bunker Hill,	The Fourth of July, Warren's address, A call to liberty, Good faith, Revolutionary soldiers, Our responsibility, British barbarity, How freedom is won, Adams and liberty, Our duties, Our destiny, The American flag, The true union, American independence Washington & Franklin	Sink or swim, The buff and blue, The union, The martyr spy, Lexington, Our only hope, Declaration of Indep The liberty bell, Washington's attributes What we are, Our great trust, God bless our States, Looking backward, Merion and his men, Liberty and union,	A noble plea, Original Yankee Doodle Wo se's address, Watchi'g for Montg'y, The national ensign, God save the union, Our natal day, The 22d of February, New England's dead, Repeat! repeat! The true hero, Old Ironsides, Our gifts to history, Uncle Sam's a hundred, Centennial oration.
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PRIME SCHOOL SERIES.--Speakers.

DIME SERIO-COMIC SPEAKER, No. 19.

The American phalanx,
The same
The old canoe,
Room at the top,
New England weather,
Bluffs,
Isle of Yawent Strauch,
A fable,
The tramp's views,
Moral little-ness,
Green Hodelteggoble,
Nothing new, sin,
Arab's sermon,
Oss to young ladies,
The ³² man,
Test of friendship
Price of pleasure,

Sour grapes,
The unwritten 'Claws,'
The ager,
Fish,
Judge not thy brother,
The dog St. Bernard,
The liberal candidate,
A boy's opinion of beer,
Good alone are great,
The great Napoleon,
The two lives,
The present age
At midnight,
Good-night,
Truth,
The sunny mar,
The little orator.

Pompey Squash,
Mr. Lo's new version,
The midnight express,
Morality's worst enemy
The silent teacher,
The working people,
The moneyless man,
Strike through the knoe,
An agricultural address,
The new scriptures,
The iron bone,
Don't despair,
The mill cannot grind,
What became of a lie,
Now and then,
How ab vos dat for high
early rising.

Smart *eye's* opinion,
The venomous worm,
Corns,
Up early,
Not so easy,
Dont beat in possib.
War and duelling.
Horner. A protest
Excelsior
Paddy's version of
colours
The close best
Apples and apples
Old Scrooge,
Man, generically
sidered,
A chemical

DIME SELECT SPEAKER, No. 20

Save the Republic,
Washer of the night,
The closing year,
Wrong and right road,
An enemy to society,
Barbara Freitchie,
The most precious gift,
Intellectual and moral
power,
Thanatopsis,
New era of labor
Work of faith,
A dream,
La dame aux camellias,

Penalty of selfishness.
Lights Out,
Clothes don't make the
man,
The last man,
Mind your own business
My Fourth of July sen-
timents,
My Esquimaux friend,
Story of the little red in-
dian,
My castle in Spain,
Shonny Schwartz,
The Indian's wrongs,
Address to young men,
Beautiful Snow.

Now is the time,
Exhortation to patriots.
He is everywhere,
A dream of darkness,
Religion the keystone,
Scorn of office,
Who are the free?
The city on the hill,
How to save the Re-
public,
The good old times
Monmouth,
Hope,
Moral Desolation,
Self-evident truths.

Won't you let my case
work!
Conscience the her
guide,
Whom to honor,
The lords of labor,
Early rising,
Pumpernickel and Pop
schikoff,
Only a tramp,
Cage them.
Time's soliloquy,
Find a way or make it
The mosquito hunt,
The lark.

DIME FUNNY SPEAKER, No. 21.

Colonel Sellers' Incl-
dates,
Clory mit ter Schars
und Schripes,
Terence O'Donogh's pat-
rioticism,
The Blue-Kill club ora-
tion,
Farmer Thornbush on
fools,
The Siddle,
The regular season,
The school-boy's lament,
Dot baby off mine,
Hungry once more,
a leave on agriculture

One hundred years ago,
De 'sperience ob de Reb-
'rend Quack & Strong,
A dollar or two,
On some more hash,
Whar money is king,
Professor Ankelapfelgel-
man on the origin of
litr,
Konzentrated wisdom,
Joseph Brown and the
mince pie,
John Jenkins's sermon,
A parody on "Tell me
ye winged winds,"
A foggy day.

The new mythology
(Vulcan)
The new mythology
(Pan,)
The new mythology
(Bacchus.)
I kin nod trink to-nighd,
The new church doc-
trine,
Willyum's watermillion,
Josiah Axtell's oration,
Parson Barebones's an-
athema,
Cesar Squash on heat,
Fritz Valder is made a
mission.

Joan of Arc,
 The blessings of Arm
 His,
 The people,
 Thermopylae,
 Cats,
 Jim Bludair, or, the
 Prairie Belle,
 A catastrophic d'tty,
 The mountie's defense,
 Woman, God bless her
 Be miserable,
 Dollars versus Dandies,
 The Cuckoo's judgment,
 That call.

DIME JOLLY PEAKER, NO. 22.

Atter's clock
 A century
 On little ram,
 A lecture on
 e,
 And no time,
 Dayfoot's spirit race,
 The village school,
 A sermon for the sisters,
 On philosophy & fun,
 Disappointed discoverer,
 A heathen's score,
 Der dog und der lobster,
 The young 'ram,
 Delights of the season,

The delights of Spring,
Josh Willings's views,
Beastesses,
How tew pik out a
we'erinnellon,
How tew pik out a dog
How tew pik out a kae
How tew pik out a
wife,
This side and that,
Nocturnal newsings,
The lunatic's raverie,
A bathetic ballad,
The ear,
Backbone,

A weak case,
They may be happy yet.
Orpheus. A side view,
Perseus. A "class"
Rigid information,
The funny man,
Don't give it away,
A dark warning. A
"collected" dissertation
An awful warning. An
effective appeal,
Do parson sow the seed
Pimpey's Thanksgiving
turkey,
The new essay on man.

A new decla-
independence,
The jolly old fellow-
Christmas v.e.come,
My first coat,
The fire-brands,
A patriotic "spurge,"
The poor old times, in
deed! A congratu-
latory reminder,
Stealing the sacred fire
The story of Pro-
theus modernized,
The owl and the
cat.

15 The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, & will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each.

READLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 68 William St., N. Y.

DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

<p> <i>A wad's de roaster,</i> <i>Mississippi miracle,</i> <i>A l'wde cooms in,</i> <i>Doe's lams vot Mary haf</i> <i>hot,</i> <i>Pat O'Flaherty on wo-</i> <i>man's rights,</i> <i>The home rulers, how</i> <i>they "spakes,"</i> <i>Floraklah Dawson on</i> <i>Mothers-in-law,</i> <i>He didn't sell the farm,</i> <i>The true story of Frank-</i> <i>lin's kite,</i> <i>I would I ware a boy</i> <i>again,</i> <i>A pathetic story,</i> </p>	<p> <i>All about a bee,</i> <i>Scandal,</i> <i>A dark side view,</i> <i>Te pesser vay,</i> <i>On learning German,</i> <i>Mary's shmall vite lamb</i> <i>A healthy discourse,</i> <i>Tobias so to speak,</i> <i>Old Mrs. Grim-</i> <i>a parody,</i> <i>Mars and cats,</i> <i>Bill Underwood, poet,</i> <i>Old Granley,</i> <i>The pill peddlers ora-</i> <i>tion,</i> <i>Vidder Green's last</i> <i>words,</i> </p>	<p> <i>Latest Chinese outrage,</i> <i>The manifest destiny of</i> <i>the Irishman,</i> <i>Peggy McCann,</i> <i>Sprays from Josh Bil-</i> <i>lins,</i> <i>De circumstances of de</i> <i>situation,</i> <i>Dar's nuffin new under</i> <i>de sun,</i> <i>A Negro religious poem,</i> <i>That violin,</i> <i>Plenic delights,</i> <i>Our candidate's views,</i> <i>Dandrea's wisdom,</i> <i>Pirin language by truth-</i> <i>ful Jane,</i> </p>	<p> <i>My neighbor's dogs,</i> <i>Condensed Mythology,</i> <i>Pictus,</i> <i>The Nereides,</i> <i>Legends of Attica,</i> <i>The stove-pipe tragedy</i> <i>A doctor's drubbles,</i> <i>The coming man,</i> <i>The illigant affair</i> <i>Muldoon's,</i> <i>That little bab-</i> <i>the corner,</i> <i>A genuwine in-</i> <i>An invitation</i> <i>bird of liberty,</i> <i>The crow,</i> <i>Out west,</i> </p>
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DIME DIALOGUES No. 26.

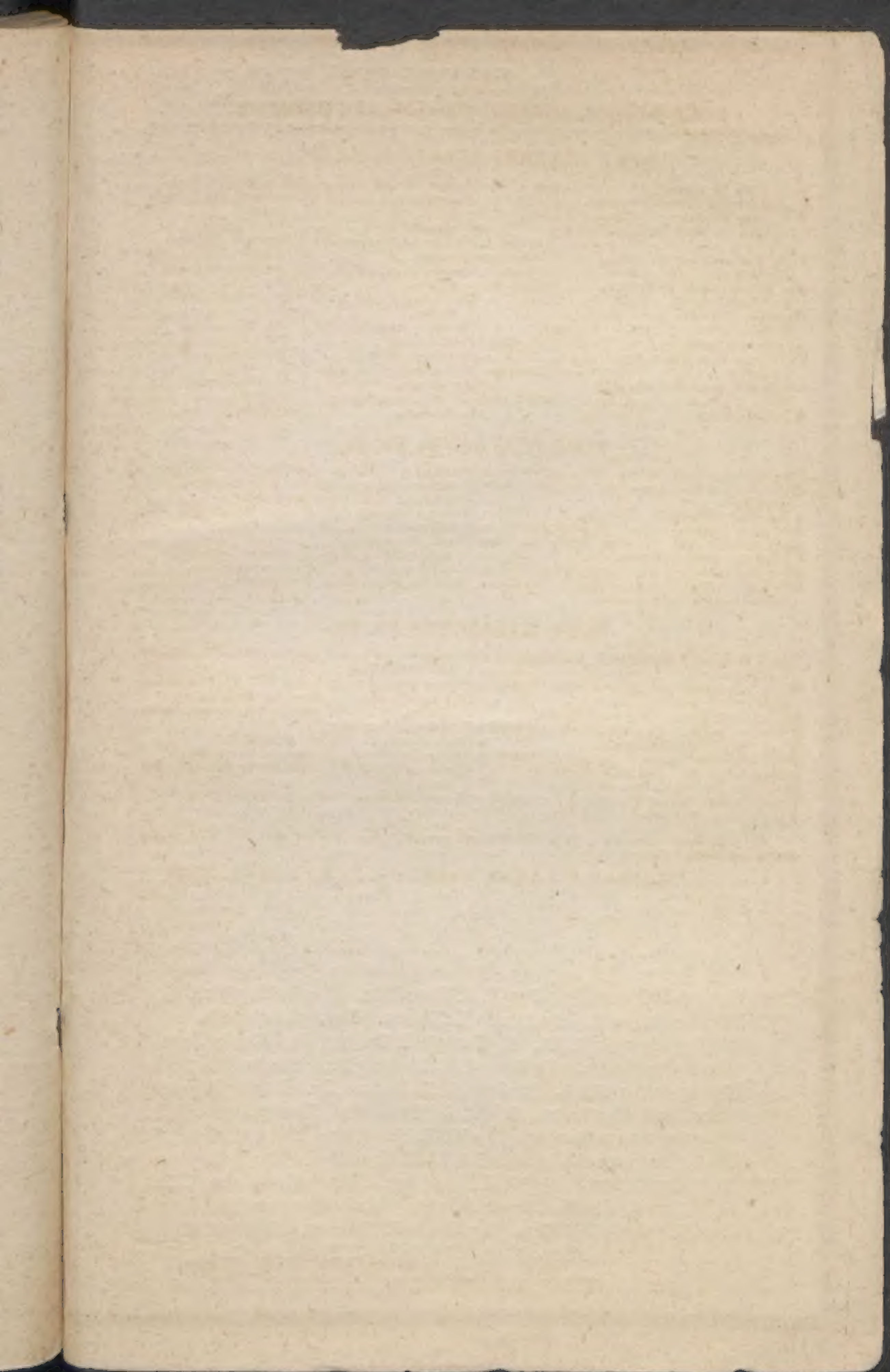
<p> <i>Four cousins. Three ladies and two gentlemen.</i> <i>Mountains and mole-hills. Six ladies and several</i> <i>gentlemen.</i> <i>A test that did not fall. Six boys.</i> <i>Two ways of seeing things. Two little girls.</i> <i>Don't count your chickens before they are</i> <i>hatched. Four ladies and a boy.</i> <i>All is fair in love and war. 3 ladies, 2 gentlemen.</i> <i>How noble Josh got rid of the legacy. Two males,</i> <i>with several transformations.</i> </p>	<p> <i>The lesson of mercy. Two very small girls.</i> <i>Practice what you preach. Four ladies.</i> <i>Politician. Numerous characters.</i> <i>The canvassing agent. Two males and two</i> <i>females.</i> <i>Grub. Two males.</i> <i>A slight scare. Three females and one male.</i> <i>Embodied sunshine. Three young ladies.</i> <i>How Jua Peters died. Two males.</i> </p>
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DIME DIALOGUES No. 27.

<p> <i>Maisy O'Dowd's campaign. For three males</i> <i>and one female.</i> <i>Hasty inferences not always just. Numerous</i> <i>boys.</i> <i>Discontented Annie. For several girls.</i> <i>A double surprise. Four males and one female.</i> <i>What was it? For five ladies.</i> <i>What will care them? For a lady and two boys.</i> <i>Independent. For numerous characters.</i> <i>Each season the best. For four boys.</i> <i>Tried and found wanting. For several males.</i> <i>A boy's plot. For several characters.</i> </p>	<p> <i>The street girl's good angel. For two ladies and</i> <i>two little girls.</i> <i>"That ungrateful little nig w." For two males.</i> <i>If I had the money. For two little girls.</i> <i>Appearances are deceiful. For several ladies</i> <i>and one gentleman.</i> <i>Love's protest. For two or three girls.</i> <i>An enforced cure. For several characters.</i> <i>Those who preach and those who perform. For</i> <i>three males.</i> <i>A gentle conquest. For two young girls.</i> </p>
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